

# The Nation

VOL. XXVI., No. 6.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1919.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K. 1d.; Abroad 2d.]

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	161	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	173
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		H. M. T. ...	173
Finance in Fustian ...	164	REVIEWS:—	
The Wake of War ...	165	Our Great Poet ...	180
The Blunder of Compulsory		The Kingdom of God. By	182
Arbitration ...	167	Curé de Campagne	182
LILULL. — Part VIII. By		A New-Fashioned Humanist.	184
Romain Rolland ...	168	By J. W. N. S. ...	184
A LONDON DIARY. By A		BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	186
Wayfarer ...	170	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	188
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Lucellum ...	188
A Career ...	172	MOTOR SHOW SUPPLEMENT	189
Some Star Motions ...	173	Olympian Reflections. By	191
THE DRAMA:—		S. F. Edge ...	191
Summertime. By Frank		LITERARY SUPPLEMENT ...	197-220
Swinerton ...	174	Mr. Gosse. By R. L. ...	199
COMMUNICATIONS:—		An English Poem ...	200
The Crisis in Syria. By		The Tragedy of John	202
Mid-East ...	175	Redmond ...	202
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By		A Musician's Memoirs ...	204
Observer, Joseph King, and		The Genius of Mr. Hudson	206
H. F. Walker ...	176	Mr. Squire's Latest ...	208
POETRY:—		A Socialist on Bolshevism	208
The Faun that Went to		The New Feudalism ...	210
War. By Witter Bynner	177	Reward of Virtue ...	212
A Glimpse. By Jean		Maeterlinck's Dogs ...	214
Guthrie-Smith ...	177	Magic and Conjuring Tricks	216
		Short Reviews ...	218

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

WE hope that the country will note the total contradiction which the Russian debate has revealed between Mr. Churchill's Russian policy and the Prime Minister's. Mr. Lloyd George declared last April that it was a "fundamental principle of the foreign policy of this country, and a very sound one, that you should never interfere with the internal affairs of any country, however badly governed." But in Wednesday night's debate Mr. Churchill again pledged the Government to such interference. He declared for "moral and material assistance" to one of the Russian parties, with the double object of "securing the establishment" of a "broad democratic system of Government," and preventing Russia "throwing herself into German hands." We were also to protect the Jews, apparently from our ally, Denikin, who promotes pogroms, which the Bolsheviks, with all their crimes, do not, and to fortify the Baltic States, who ask no better than to make their peace with Bolshevism. But who is to win this battle of policies? The Prime Minister, who is for non-interference in Russia, if not for the peace and the open trade (with millions as its reward), which Mr. Goode and Colonel Malone assure us, on official Bolshevik testimony, can be had tomorrow? Or Mr. Churchill, who, having flung away 95 millions of our money in trying to crush Russian Communism, and having (as usual) failed, would have us spend 95 millions more? A decision there must be.

LIKE the battle which a General described as pulled to and fro by the hair for days together, the Civil War in Russia sways this way and that. At the end of last week Yudenitch was advancing, not for the first time, towards Krasnoe Selo, the forest suburb or summer residence place only a few miles south-west of Petrograd.

We were next told of heavy fighting around Gatchina, the railway junction of the lines from Pskoff and Reval, a few miles further south away from Petrograd. And at the time of writing the latest news is that he, with his "White" or "Volunteer" Army, has been driven from Gatchina and is retiring along his whole front. What part Trotsky's fiery appeal to the defenders of Petrograd may have played in the triumph of the "Reds" we cannot yet know. Calling on Red Army men, "Commanders, commissars," he cried, "onward! Do not give the enemy time to rest. Drive him, strangle him, beat him without mercy! The hour of rest will come when this offal has been destroyed." Probably the Red Army has now returned to the field after one of its usual intervals for recruiting its supply of munitions. Then it usually triumphs.

In the south also the Government forces are doing well, if it is true, as reported, that Denikin has been compelled to abandon Orel, a railway junction even more important for an advance upon Moscow from the south than Gatchina is for an advance upon Petrograd. His left wing, however, continues to cling to Kieff, though seriously attacked in the very suburbs. Of Koltchak we hear as little as usual, except that he has agreed to the terms proposed to bring Finland in on the anti-revolutionary side. Writing from Paris, General Mannerheim has also called upon the Finns to assist in the attempts to capture Petrograd. The object of the reactionaries is obviously to purchase the support of Finland and the newly-enfranchised Baltic States by large promises of future benefaction. Finland is said to ask for fairly stiff terms: unconditional independence; a *plébiscite* for a large bit of Karelia; permanent possession of Government property taken by the Finns from the Russian "Reds"; and temporary occupation of Petrograd together with full payment of all expenses. The assistance of Finland, although up to the war she had no army or trained men, might be well worth this amount of purchase, at all events in promises. But the Finns are a fairly shrewd people, and whether they will accept the promises of men like Koltchak and Yudenitch at their face value is very doubtful. For the present at least, the offer has been turned down.

MEANWHILE, our British Air Services and fleet continue to bombard Krasnaya Gorka and Kronstadt in the Gulf of Finland, close to the mouth of the Neva, and no one can say why, unless, indeed, the object is to get rid of ammunition for which we may hope to have no further use. For we are now told that since the Armistice we have spent close upon £80,000,000 (and about £15,000,000 before the Armistice) in these fruitless performances in Russia, and it is pleaded in mitigation that about £35,000,000 worth of this sum consisted in "unmarketable munitions." Is the moral, then, that when you have a shell that no one will buy, you must heave it at a Bolshevik? There seems no other.

THE Government succeeded in turning the Financial Debate into a vote of confidence, which gave them a majority of 355 against a minority of 50, composed almost entirely of Labor members. The Liberals did

not vote on the ground that the Labor Amendment adopted the Capital Levy, which they do not yet support. The Prime Minister had previously reduced the debate to a mere show. Financial policy he had none, and his speech was so empty of fact and economic material that it is impossible to analyse it. Expenditure was treated either as inevitable or as a proof of the Government's provident care, though the National Debt has risen by nearly 400 millions since Mr. Chamberlain's April speech, and the normal provision for extinguishing it appears actually to have been reduced by 40 millions. No fresh taxation was foreshadowed. But the movement for a State Lottery gains strength, and the Government obviously leans to this reckless and immoral proposal. For the rest, the Prime Minister's speech, empty of seriousness and of financial skill, exhibits the country in charge of a physician who neither understands its disease, nor is able to find a cure for it.

\* \* \*

MR. ASQUITH trounced this levity at Aberystwith in the most hostile speech he has yet delivered, adding with truth that the House was as bad as the Government, for it behaved like a meeting of shareholders, whose directors had announced an unexpected bonus, "free of income-tax." Mr. Chamberlain, he added, had made the "grossest financial miscalculation" in our history, and his hypothetical budget was "not worth the paper it was written on." Mr. Asquith insisted on the necessity of new taxation, either by an increased income-tax or a duty on realized wealth. He would deal with war-fortunes at once, but would not commit himself to a general levy on capital. But he called for inquiry into the practicability of the scheme, and insisted, with much firmness, on a large reduction in the body of the debt. All this is unpopular; but it is the sort of unpopularity that statesmen must face, or this country will perish.

\* \* \*

AN important International Economic Conference has been sitting in London during the week. It was called by the "Fight the Famine Council," of which Lord Parmoor is President, and it was attended by a large number of influential English people, and by some delegates from Germany and Austria, including Professor Brentano, the well-known economist and historian from Munich, Dr. Wenckebach, the Dutch physician of a great Viennese hospital, and Dr. Guttmann, formerly London correspondent and Foreign Editor of the "Frankfurter Zeitung." They gave a tragical but obviously true account of the economic misery and food shortage in Central Europe, and their reports are only too exactly confirmed by the investigations of British officials and correspondents. Especially we would call attention to the admirable letters of the "Manchester Guardian" correspondent lately in Budapest. In Budapest especially the food problem is now most serious. The snow is falling, and the supply up the Danube is hampered by ice. The delegates to the Conference acknowledged the great services of British and American Missions. But all agreed that the danger of extreme and imminent disaster hangs over Europe.

\* \* \*

ON Tuesday M. Clemenceau took his "farewell" (the star's last farewell) to public life. The scene he chose was Strasbourg, the beautiful city for the recovery of which he has steadily striven for nearly fifty years. His dealing with the Peace Treaty was that of a statesman of 78. Throughout life the tradition of German aggression has haunted him, and his view of the Treaty was summed up in the merely negative formula: "As to Germany, France has taken her safeguards,

and will be able to wait until Germany becomes converted to civilization." But has France also completely learned the civilizing lesson? M. Clemenceau seemed to promise the two reincorporated provinces the decentralization which would give them the power of settling their own affairs and developing their own resources. It is high time. As the "Times" correspondent in Strasbourg remarked a few days earlier, only a fool would say that the French have solved all the problems of Alsace-Lorraine. We have seen petitions for autonomy extensively signed by influential inhabitants of the provinces; and if they have now ceased to be inhabitants, mere expulsion is a dubious solution. The French have made two mistakes in Alsace-Lorraine. They have set on foot a wide policy of banishment—including many Alsations—and they have put the retaken province under Paris officials. If France is wise, she will retrace these steps.

\* \* \*

THE news from Egypt continues serious. The recent riots at Alexandria and their suppression at the cost of seven killed and many other casualties, have increased the ill-feeling throughout the country. A railway strike has stopped the transport of cotton, and the cotton Bourse has been closed. The students at the colleges and even the boys in the schools are sending repeated petitions to the Ministry, and celebrating strikes on their own account, like the Russians in their earlier revolutions. Sir Valentine Chirol, whose knowledge of Egypt extends over more than forty years, notes in his letters to the "Times" from the country the ominous change that, for the first time since the British occupation, large numbers of the Egyptian *fellaheen*, who owe far more to us than any other class of Egyptians, have been worked up into a fever of discontent and hatred. He observes that when Lord Cromer retired he was conscious that autocracy had run its course. That is perfectly true. Lord Cromer put it on record that he had intentionally left only fluid institutions in Egypt and that his successors would have to stabilize and constitutionalize them. And his successors did nothing whatever. That means that we shall have to give Egypt a Constitution under virtual duress. But we might have made it a free gift.

\* \* \*

THE Government have honored the bond which, in order to save their skin, Mr. George framed with Bottomley & Co., and through the hands of a "Liberal" Home Secretary, given up one of the few scraps of Liberal ground left to them. But though they have advertised the policy of the Chinese wall, in practice they can hardly carry the deportation of "enemy aliens" much further. Nearly 84 per cent. of these wretched people have already been repatriated. The cases of the remaining 16 per cent. have either been examined by two good Committees, or have been reported on fully by the police. All that could be done, therefore, was to humiliate and "torture" them (Sir Ryland Adkins's phrase) a little more. This the Government will contrive by compelling the alien to choose between deportation and the chance of getting a licence from the Home Secretary. They first opposed this plan, and then, under stress of the Downing Street bargain, accepted it. According to Sir Edward Wild, clause 8, which embodied it, was good because it kept up Anglo-German hate, and the tears of women who had married Germans "and cried if their husbands were deported," were of no consequence. Only Englishwomen's tears mattered. Lord Hugh Cecil retorted with equal wit and sense, that "two tears did not make one smile," and that we had better be quit of the sentimentalism of hate, and get to business.

THE Borough Elections in London, and the Municipal Elections throughout England, have yielded a victory for Labor, which does in effect constitute it the coming force in local as in Imperial politics. That is not to say that Labor is as yet predominant. In Manchester, for example, it has overthrown the old Tory majority on the Council, but it can only rule by union with the Liberals, which secures a majority of eighteen. In London its victory is more dramatic. More than one out of every two of its candidates (565 out of 1,000) has been elected and it controls thirteen of the industrial or semi-industrial boroughs. The Labor policy, so far as we can judge by an examination of some of the election addresses, was a distinct but not revolutionary advance on the old Progressivism. In effect it was Progressivism *plus* a little municipal trading. Nor has Labor yet at call the wonderful array of municipal statesmanship which the early Progressive Councils could command. Unfortunately the Progressives let themselves be daunted by the attack on municipal steam-boats and the Works Department, and from that moment the party never held up its head. Its successor inherits its traditions, but it cannot yet muster anything like the old Progressive voting strength. Perhaps the best elements in the two parties can fuse, and construct together a second reform platform.

MR. CHURCHILL struck an Olympian pose over the shocking disclosures in Stephen Graham's book, "A Private in the Guards." But all this Potsdam posing is as obsolete as the Kaiser's haughty glance, now preserved exclusively at Madame Tussaud's. It was notorious before the war that the training thought necessary for recruits for the Guards was bad, cruel, and obsolete. In witness of that truth were the unusual number of desertions from Caterham, and the episode of the exile of a Grenadier battalion to Bermuda. During the hurry of making good soldiers after 1914, discipline in the Guards became not a whit more enlightened than before. We hear of officers' wives who, horrified by what they witnessed of punishment drills, have protested in anger before the men. The officers, indeed, knew all about it, though they were never present. Nevertheless, the logic behind the code of Little Sparta was sound, as the logic of a bad case often is. The men were taught to fear their organization and tradition more than death itself—a stupidity bearing the Prussian hall-mark. Members of the Commons, supporting Mr. Churchill, admired it because it produced "the finest infantry in the world." Well, it did not. The Guards were a splendid division; but other divisions, training good men by methods which allowed them to keep their self-respect, were more highly regarded by the enemy. There were, for example, the 51st and the 56th, Highlanders and Londoners, and both were Territorial divisions.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Government's drastic prohibition, the American coal strike began on Saturday under circumstances without parallel in industrial disputes. The Union leaders obeyed the injunction forbidding them to communicate with the strikers, or to use their funds for the organization of the struggle. It is doubtful whether the accounts of the situation in the news despatches are any more reliable than were the average British Press statements about our own railway strike. Other resemblances between the two events are observable. The hope of the United States Government to crush the strike at once has not been realized. It is admitted that the majority of the soft coal mines were closed down, and by the middle of the week talk about an early collapse of the

strike drifted into a discussion on the danger of strengthening extreme influences, and the need for a settlement by conciliation. The heads of the railway and engineering unions threw their influence against a sympathetic strike movement, and Mr. Gompers assumed the rôle taken up here by Mr. Gosling and his fellow intermediaries. The prospects of settlement by negotiation have therefore improved.

THE way of the Government with Labor passes all understanding. The Ministry of Labor must have been aware that the trade union leaders would have died on the doorstep of Downing Street rather than pass the clauses in the first draft of the Industrial Councils Bill, which would have made strikes against an arbitration award illegal, and practically abolished the Trades Disputes Act. The clauses were dropped in haste. But what could have been the object of the Ministry? Was it merely to cloak the restoration of full freedom to the employers, who have been legally bound to observe the terms of an award? Whatever the motive, the action of the Ministry has, of course, intensified unrest and suspicion. The further course of the Bill, which establishes industrial courts of inquiry, is to be closely scrutinized by the Labor party.

THE question of the Government control of the coal industry and of the justification of the 6s. increase has been raised during the week in challenging form. An item in the deficit of £46,000,000 which the Government declared would have to be met this year was an estimated loss of £11,000,000 on export profits. It is now proved that this calculation was grossly inaccurate both in regard to the tonnage and the prices obtainable. The result is that on the basis of the September quarter figures instead of a loss of £11,000,000 there will be additional profits amounting to many millions. An even graver matter is the disclosure that the Government's pledge to limit the coalowners' profits to 1s. 2d. a ton has not been fulfilled, and that, on the contrary, the income of the firms has been actually increased by a modification in the excess profits tax. In the House of Commons Sir Auckland Geddes merely expressed a pious hope that it would soon be possible to reduce the price of coal. He was silent about the profits limitation. So great was the scandal that the Government were forced to agree to an output inquiry. But they refused a full investigation into the finance of the industry.

ON Monday Lord Curzon was again called upon to defend the Treaty with the Ameer of Afghanistan, signed last August by Sir Hamilton Grant at Rawal Pindi. The clause especially attacked was again that in which the supposed British control over Afghanistan's external policy is abrogated. On this point Lord Curzon had little difficulty in defending the Viceroy's action. Everyone knows that the clause was originally inserted and was maintained solely in apprehension of the Tsarist Russia's designs upon India—the bugbear of our foreign politics for half a century. Tsarist Russia has now gone the way of all flesh, and for two generations at the least our North-West Frontier need pay no attention to military adventures from the side of Russia. What is more, nearly everyone knows that, as Lord Curzon pointed out, the old Treaty never, in fact, prevented the Ameers from intriguing almost openly with Russia, Germany, and Turkey in turn. Why then maintain a purposeless clause?

## Politics and Affairs.

### FINANCE IN FUSTIAN.

*"One would have thought that these new facts were serious facts, to be met in a serious spirit. What do we see? We have seen Ministers coming down to the House of Commons with radiant faces, the Chancellor of the Exchequer dancing and piping among his figures, the Prime Minister, as one read in the papers to-day, making a series of jokes, and this wonderful House of Commons dissolved in appreciative laughter."—MR. ASQUITH ON GEORGIAN FINANCE.*

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." Such was the cheery message conveyed by the Government to the nation in last week's financial debate. There was no apology for past neglect. There was no promise or suggestion of reform. The work done in reducing expenditure during the year since the armistice was proclaimed as one of the wonders of the world. Slough, Chepstow, Richborough, the hundreds of Sloughs and Chepstows scattered throughout the country, were a figment of the imagination. Where, asks Mr. George defiantly, could any reduction be effected? Russia? "In every debate we heard of the extravagance of the Government spending all these millions in Russia" (95 millions according to the White Paper). But "we have wound up the Russian expedition." There is therefore nothing more to be said. For the moment Mr. George's audience must have thought that the 95 millions had been wound up with the expedition, instead of being permanently added to the National Debt. Bread subsidy? Speedily going, said the Prime Minister at Sheffield. Going—but not yet, is Mr. Chamberlain's less romantic version. "The Government do not feel that it will be wise, or that it is practically possible, to terminate that subsidy at once. We look forward to its termination as early as circumstances will permit." But in Mr. George's joy-dance amongst dying liabilities it is already dead. The unemployment subsidy? It comes to an end on November 21st. Does unemployment come to an end on November 21st? is the pertinent enquiry. Oh well—is the modest reply—of course if the House of Commons enforces the continuance of it upon us—or forces us to increase Old Age Pensions—or forces any expenditure on any subject—we must reluctantly accept the burden. Only the Government, as in an historic scene of old, can then call for water and wash its hands, and protest its innocence. As for the National Debt, there are 8,000 millions which Mr. George promised the electors that Germany would pay. In Mr. George's rhetoric repayment is practically accomplished. As in a famous scene in the "Mikado" when the authority commands that a thing is done, practically it is done; and if it is done, why not say so? The Government has already made plans for providing a half per cent. Sinking Fund on that Debt. That Sinking Fund will pay off the Debt in about fifty years. To Mr. George this is equivalent to the Debt being paid off. *The provisions are fixed up* (the italics are ours) for liquidating the whole liability. Is that not a magnificent proposal for liquidating a national liability? Will it not resound throughout the world as a testimony to British courage and foresight?

Does Mr. George really deceive himself when he ladles out such fudge and fustian as this? Or is it merely that he has correctly understood the temper and intellectual capacity of the House of Commons which he nominated last December? The "provision" of the half

per cent. Sinking Fund has not even begun to work. The increase of the Debt with no Sinking Fund has gone up in a few months from 250 to nearly 500 millions—or a sum equal to nearly 10 years of his (as yet unprovided) half per cent. What does it matter? What indeed does anything matter after Mr. Chamberlain's promise that there will be no increase in taxation next year? After that there was no need for further debate. Flesh had been made to creep by talk of progress towards national bankruptcy. Letters had been published from the Prime Minister to the Departments (the publication being of more importance than the policy) demanding economy. The Government, it was announced, would stand or fall by drastic retrenchment. Millionaire newspaper proprietors prophesied a 10s. income tax and demanded the pawning of portions of the British Empire as an alternative.

Suddenly the scene is shifted. Mr. George and Mr. Law openly mock the House of Commons for not switching swiftly enough after the Government's sensational swerve. They enact the familiar scene in the cinema plays where the "get-away" motor with its brigands and booty, fiercely pursued by sheriff, police and all honest men, sweeps suddenly up a side road, while the chase goes thundering by. The Debt, in the new vision, is practically paid off. Taxation, in the new promise, will never have to be increased, next year, or some time, or ever. "On the position as now shown," said Mr. Chamberlain, "no additional taxation would be required for future budgets." In face of such an unexpected deliverance the millionaires and profiteers are walking and leaping and praising God, like the impotent men in Scripture. Pessimism is not patriotism. "It is good that we should make merry and be glad." And they began to be merry. The resolution passed by the House of Commons would seem (on the face of it) to have demanded amendment. There was still a superfluous allusion in it to economy. It should rather have expressed the gratitude of the nation to the Government for scattering the taxpayer's money, and respectfully urged it to spend more.

It seems almost indecent to bring back these strayed revellers to realities. But some of the "facts" and assertions would seem to need a little examination. Mr. Chamberlain is exultant over the increase of the Revenue, especially Customs and Excise, over the Estimates. You can increase the paper revenue as much as you please by increasing prices without securing any addition to the real wealth received. You can also increase your Customs and Excise Revenue by borrowing money, scattering it freely through the country, and taking back some small portion of it from the proportion that is spent on dutiable articles of consumption. And as Mr. Chamberlain's borrowings have gone up from two hundred and fifty to nearly five hundred millions, it would indeed be something of a miracle if some of this expenditure did not return in taxes upon commodities. Again, the figures of the debt, and its condition (that debt which, in Mr. George's "magnificent proposals" has practically disappeared) present no optimistic appearance to those who are familiar with what these figures mean. Mr. Chamberlain has a floating, unfunded debt of £1,286,000,000—about twice the whole pre-war National Debt. In addition, he has 242 millions of Ways and Means advances—that is to say of money borrowed on the future against no present assets—and currency notes outstanding (with only 8 per cent. covered) of 337 millions. "A very abstruse topic" is Mr.

George's airy dismissal of this devastating flood of paper, "which I have no doubt will provoke a good deal of unnecessary controversy." If there is one thing certain in that controversy, it is that paper money and Ways and Means advances mean inflation, that inflation means a rise in prices, and that here THE GOVERNMENT IS, AS A MATTER OF FACT, TAXING THE WHOLE COUNTRY THROUGH RAISING PRICES WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION OF PARLIAMENT. Last spring Mr. Chamberlain put his debt at £7,600,000,000, and in his normal Budget asked for £400,000,000 interest and sinking fund. To-day, he puts his debt at over £8,000,000,000, and reduces the normal debt charge to £360,000,000.

"Why this change?" asks Mr. Hogge of the Prime Minister. "I cannot answer forty questions at once," is the reply. "Answer only this one," is the retort, and Mr. George remains silent. The only explanation would appear to be that the "normal Budget" having now faded so far over the horizon of the future, it is assumed that by the time of its birth the debt itself will have been substantially reduced, or rather that the normal Budget is like Plato's ideal city, a pattern laid up in heaven. The normal year, says Mr. Chamberlain, will not be next year, and the year after that "might probably not be a normal year." The House must realize that the normal year "will not correspond with the expenditure of any particular year." "What it is is a standard by which the House can measure what it is doing." And this non-existent ideal standard, never to be attained, though always to be desired, calmly provides for expenditure on armaments of 135 millions, not far off double the annual amount spent before the rush of the European peoples towards destruction. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer is impenitent. "We are leading the way in disarmament," he triumphantly declares, "among the leading nations of the world." The statement is declared by General Maurice to be "foolish." "What the man-in-the-street means by reduction in armaments is a reduction in the pre-war burden which he helped to bear. As an example to our Allies our present policy has no influence whatever. They are perfectly entitled to say to us and will say to us: 'You are demobilizing: so are we. But you are not reducing your forces below the pre-war scale. Why should you expect us to do so?'"

To sum up. The Government proposes to reduce debt, and pay it all off in fifty years. As earnest of its intention it is adding in the first year of peace nearly five hundred millions to the National Debt, without paying off a farthing. In addition it has maintained borrowings and a paper currency which is paid for in high prices for everything. It proposes to abolish the Excess Profits Tax and offers nothing in its place. It challenges the House of Commons to abolish the unemployment and the bread subsidies, and offers nothing in their place. It takes credit for abandoning the Russian War under the storm of popular disapproval, but does not really abandon it, and meanwhile exhibits no method of getting back nearly a hundred millions already squandered there. It prophesies no fresh taxation, but it offers no relief to the middle class, who are being driven into poverty by heavy imposts and swollen prices, or to the very poor whose life has been made intolerable by indirect taxation and the cost of living. It does not even make provision for its own accepted programme of social reform, for loans on houses, or for the increased cost of education and insurance. It maintains admittedly extravagant departments.

It looks forward to a permanent condition of twice the total pre-war expenditure on militarism, and can offer no date at which reduction to even that monstrous level can be attained. It contemptuously offers a Committee to consider a tax on war profits to pay off war debt, but refuses even to consider the question of a general tax on wealth for that purpose. It smiles on the alternative of extracting the savings of the poor by means of a lottery loan, oblivious of the fact that a loan extorted by a lottery remains debt, and is as costly a method of raising money as any honest alternative.

For what is this proposal of a Lottery Loan? The working class are to be encouraged to buy Bonds which will bear (say) three per cent. interest, and give the right to draw for big prizes in a gigantic gamble. When the prizes are drawn the value of the Bonds will sink to say £60 for every £100 subscribed. The people, that is to say, are to be graciously permitted to subscribe £60 towards State needs, on condition that they also for each £60 subscribe £40 for a lottery in prizes of which the non-winners will lose every penny. This reckless speculation is termed encouraging "thrift" amongst the poor. It is backed (naturally) by every promoter of doubtfully legal prize competitions, by every bookmaker and bucket shop keeper, and by every thief. It is backed also by a mass of rich men in the House of Commons who see in it the preventive of a tax on wealth or on war profiteers. It is advocated at a time when these same persons are preaching to the working classes that only slavery in hard, disagreeable work can save the country from destruction. When they are not at work, they are to risk their savings in a wild gamble, in which nine out of ten of the gamblers are certain to lose. The Government thinks that it can balance next year by raking in arrears of taxes, by putting the capital value of the sale of stores to current account, and by encouraging the blind belief that Germany can still be made to pay. It has satisfied the House of Commons which is its own creation, and which only asks for any plausible excuse for averting its own suicide. By such means it hopes to preserve its own existence for a breathing space. By the end of it either something unexpected may have "turned up" or if the concern can no longer go on, the disorder and its unpopularity can be transferred to its successor. A pretty lesson for that New World for which millions have died! Built as Mr. George is building it, there will not be one honestly laid brick in the edifice.

#### THE WAKE OF WAR.

EVERY war has been followed by misery, and the greatest war is now followed by the greatest misery of all. At the end of the Thirty Years' War how pitiable was the condition of the roughly federated States which we now call Germany! It took their peoples and their cities nearly a century to revive from so appalling a disaster. But at the present moment a fate even more crushing has befallen at least two-thirds of what we mean by Europe. From a line far west of the Rhine to a line far east of the Volga, from the North Sea and Baltic to the Mediterranean and Adriatic, from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, from the Black Sea to the Caspian, Europe lies prostrate under the grip of hunger and disease. Over large districts wars and preparations for war continue, perpetually aggravating present misery and the misery to come. But even where

peace is supposed to have been restored, it is a peace of exhaustion and despair—a peace in which the finer interests and motives of life have faded away, and thoughts are fixed only upon the struggle for food and the desire to survive a little longer.

Most people and most newspapers are silent about the truth because it is unwelcome. We are sick of horrors. After the horrors of the war itself, everyone would gladly search out whatever joy in life remains. There is a point beyond which the emotions of fear and pity refuse to work, and under the stress of the last five years the strain upon those emotions has been extreme. Besides, it is well known that among the worst sufferers at the present time are Austrians, Hungarians, and Germans who were lately our enemies as nations, and in some people it is quite easy to rekindle the flame of national hatred, or to stay the movement of human sympathy by arguing that "They brought it on themselves." Another plea is that the reports of the misery are exaggerated or untrue. Another that the more Austrians, Hungarians and Germans die in childhood or at any age, the better we ought to be pleased.

As to the facts of famine and disease, it is equally impossible to doubt or to exaggerate them. Since the armistice a year has now passed, and many travellers, officials, soldiers, and correspondents have journeyed from end to end of Europe. So far as the misery goes, with hardly an exception, they have told the same tale. From Mr. Hoover downwards they agree in reporting a destitution and physical unhappiness which we believe unequalled in extent and intensity by any recorded history of the world. The reports now before us from men and women doctors, from well-known and honorable writers, and from the representatives of voluntary societies are overwhelming in their evidence and in their unanimity. But let us confine ourselves to three official White Books which also lie before us. In all these White Books the account of starvation and disease is much the same. Two of them were written by British officers at the beginning of the year. The third is by Dr. Starling, F.R.S., assisted by Mr. McDougall, Chief Live Stock Commissioner for Scotland, and Mr. Guillebaud, Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. Rather than dwell on the statistics of hunger and consequent sickness, we will refer to some sentences regarding the state of mind induced by this misery and want. As long ago as last January Captain J. R. Somerville, representing the Economic Mission to Munich, wrote:—

"What struck me most was the general feeling of depression and submission which pervades all classes of the population, especially the upper classes."

Last February one of that officer's colleagues wrote from Berlin:—

"The old orderliness in the streets is noticeably absent. In the first place there are no police about, and the traffic is absolutely unregulated. Secondly, the snow has not been cleared away. From the streets it has been cleared to the side, but in spite of the men who drive the scavengers' carts getting twenty-two marks a day, the work of clearing away is not done; and yet Berlin to-day has an unemployed roll-call of some 200,000."

In the second officer's report, published last April, the author, after remarking that he need not enlarge on the food question and its physical effects, except to say that the population of Germany had been seriously underfed for more than two years, and that the labor situation was desperate, went on:—

"The apathy of all classes is combined with a high degree of nervous excitability. The combination is perhaps significant of the main cause—the under-nourishment. I cannot better describe the dominant physical note than by calling it a sort of mental slow-

fever. . . . In the poorer quarters, the physical degeneration is apparent even to the casual visitor. The most uncomfortable hours for me as an Englishman were those spent in observation and conversations among the humbler people, the more so in that among those who were suffering most I found the least traces of truculence or a desire for revenge. . . . Lawlessness is increasing. Corruption seems to be wide-spread, and has attained circles formerly exempt. . . . The most vital need is food."

The evidence of Dr. Starling, which is brought up to the end of this summer, is even more emphatic. Writing of Berlin, he says:—

"In a great city such as Berlin, it may be stated that two-thirds of the population are living on a low level of vitality; they are much wasted, and when stripped, they are seen to have no fat, the neck being hollow and the ribs distinct. They move slowly, are dull and apathetic. In the prisons and asylums, hunger-oedema (dropsy) resulting from starvation, is of frequent occurrence. . . . The loss of physical resistance is shown by the increased incidence of disease and by the increased mortality. The death-rate in Prussia as a whole from tubercle of the lungs has increased two and a-half times."

And then, after observing that, in spite of the malnutrition of the mothers, the children are born normal, but rot away for want of milk, Dr. Starling continues:—

"Three years on a diet insufficient both as to quantity and quality, indigestible, tasteless, and monotonous, has not only reduced to a low level the vitality and efficiency of the great bulk of the urban population, but has also had, as might be expected, a marked influence on the mentality of the nation. Among the lower and middle classes the chief defect noted is the general apathy, listlessness, and hopelessness. We found no spirit of resentment among the workmen we spoke to, but simply a condition of dull depression and lassitude. . . .

"But it is among the leading men that the mental and moral prostration is most striking. They seem hopeless and despairing of any future for themselves or their country. . . . The hopelessness and the unresisting apathy of men who were, and still should be, the leaders of the community, presents a distinct danger, as it removes factors tending to stability."

Dr. Starling goes on to say that these leading men regard Bolshevism or revolution as an irresistible infection, and have come to believe that no change, even death itself, can be for the worse. Such is the condition of a people peculiarly patient, persevering, and patriotic, drifting almost helplessly about in the wake of war. Famine in Europe has already perhaps killed more than the war, but even worse than death is the ruin of physique and character. A famous French physician has called Lille "an island of degenerates." The wake of war threatens to leave Europe, not an island of degenerates, but a continent or an ocean of them.

The conclusions of our White Books, covering as they do the greater part of the present year, were only emphasized by the evidence given this week at the International Economic Conference in Caxton Hall. Witnesses came from Bavaria, Austria, Russia, and Frankfurt, and the testimony of all agreed in describing the horror of life in Central and Eastern Europe, owing to the want of food and the want of raw materials and of coal for the factories. Dr. Wenckebach, a Dutch physician in control of a great hospital in Vienna shortly before the war, described how Austria had served as a barrier for Western Europe against cholera, plague, and typhus, but herself had fallen victim to the curses of tuberculosis, scurvy, rickets, bone-softening, and a hunger-dropsy akin to berri-berri. In his own hospital last winter there was no milk, no rice, few eggs, little sugar or bread. The hospitals are so much in debt that they will have to close. The sufferings of the middle class and officials are very severe. He himself has a fire (of wood) only once a week. That great and beautiful

city of Vienna, the home of immortal music and a head nursery of science, has now nothing to hope for. It stands with the relic of old Austria on the verge of such a catastrophe as was never known in history. Dr. Wenckebach gladly recognized the fine assistance given by the British and American Missions, and he looked to science for future international service. But there the bare facts were—as bare as an Austrian larder.

The same tale was told by the other witnesses—by Mme. Ogranovitch, a member of the Ministry of Health under Kerensky, who spoke of the misery in Russia, isolated from the world for nearly two years by our blockade; and by Professor Brentano, of Munich, famous in England for his work on the Guilds, who described the impossibility of recovery owing to the want of coal and transport. Witness after witness appeared, and, taken in combination with the evidence of our own people, their testimony is conclusive. We must assume as an ascertained fact that the greater part of Central and Eastern Europe is ruined or stands on the edge of ruin, and that during this winter many millions will die of starvation, while millions more will grow up crippled, deformed, degenerates, or imbeciles. Even in our blessed island we cannot regard the collapse of European civilization with indifference or equanimity. Whether we like it or not, European solidarity holds us tight, and if one member suffers all members suffer with it. Much more, then, when the whole vast body of Europe suffers shall we be included in the suffering. Besides, to put the matter at its lowest, we shall get no tribute, no reparation, no compensation, no forced labor, no commerce out of Germany and the relics of Austria unless their power of work and their will to work are restored. Professor Brentano pointed out that the workpeople of Germany have suddenly lost all they had gained in the way of better conditions during the last fifty years. Under the terms of the Versailles Treaty, they will be compelled to labor for peoples and countries not their own. It is doubtful whether the Allies, under the terms of that Treaty, might not swoop down and carry off the levy on German capital by which the German people are now endeavoring to restore the value of their currency. That is a depth to which we hope even the Treaty will not drag us. But the question remains: how is European civilization to be saved from degenerating into worse than barbarism? And that is a question which concerns ourselves equally with the rest of our fellow nations.

The program of this week's Conference suggested an Advisory Body for the distribution of food and raw materials. We suppose that such a body would be allied to the Supreme Economic Council, which has long been at work with certain results. If the League of Nations can get started as something different from a Balance of Power with all the weights on one side, and Germany, Austria, and the Russias can at once be included in it, then the Advisory Body might serve as the Food and Supply Committee of the League, and a new impulse of hope be conveyed to millions in whom the effective will to live is fast disappearing. But our main aim must be to modify, stultify, or nullify the worst terms in the Versailles Treaty. We believe that only so can free economic relations be restored throughout Europe, and the disaster threatening ourselves as well as other European countries be partially averted. If any large number of our people would but read those crippling or paralyzing clauses and realize what they imply in hindrance to the world's recovery and well-being we cannot doubt that the practical sense of this country, apart from its humanitarian feeling, would decree their disappearance.

### THE BLUNDER OF COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

It is easy to see from the negotiations between the Government and the Trade Unions on the extension of the Wages (Temporary Regulation) Bill what is the fundamental difficulty and danger in the present situation. The Government are not opposed to Trade Unions in the sense that Sidmouth and Castlereagh were opposed to Trade Unions a century ago. They speak politely about them and they are prepared to make use of them. They like to make their leaders Privy Councillors, and they are only too glad if any of them will join a Government in which they will have no power. But at bottom the Government and the Trade Unions mean different and contrary things. This discrepancy is obscured by the Prime Minister's genius for temporary accommodations. Everybody knows the type of doctor who is said to be of no use until the patient is at death's door, and who then performs miracles and pulls the patient round. There is probably no one in Europe who is Mr. Lloyd George's match in a crisis when what is wanted is the art of managing the tempers and humors of the hour. No man in the world has "fixed up" so many crises; no man with comparable opportunities has settled so few problems. At a time when the gravest problems are accumulating, becoming more dangerous every day with delay, it is a positive danger to have a Minister in power who has this gift, for it serves to mask the real issues. In a big strike most people only think of the need of getting out of a scrape. If Mr. Lloyd George can rescue us and we know that to-morrow the trains will be running again and all the routine of our normal life will be restored, we are so grateful that we applaud his statesmanship and never stop to ask ourselves what exactly has been settled. We are in fact in the position of a patient who has a definite disease, who is continually being seen through its fits. One day a crisis will surprise us, for which none of these accustomed improvisations will suffice, and questions that we refused to settle by statesmanship will settle themselves by rougher methods.

The negotiations of last week show what is in the Government's mind. They are wholly under the influence of the big business men to whom they resorted in the war. These business men tell them that the nation can recover without any heroic measures if full scope and play are given to private capital. Business men have learnt to organize in the war, and they can now put their experience to good account. There must be no levy on capital, for that would discourage these indispensable pioneers. There must be no nationalization, for that is equivalent to renouncing the splendid stimulus on which industry ultimately depends. There must be no limitation of profits, on the lines of the Duckham scheme, for that checks the most powerful incentive known to human nature. The State has only to trust its destinies to the capitalists, who have all the courage and enterprise that carried England to the front a century ago, and have in addition the knowledge acquired in the invaluable experience of the war. What about Trade Unions? No man is so behind the times as to think of scrapping them, but they present an element of danger and difficulty. There is bound to be friction over wages, for the workers have no intention of accepting a reduction without a struggle. And there is this special difficulty that the Trade Union leaders cannot in many cases speak for the rank and file. Agreements are made and then they are repudiated. Has not the time come for Compulsory Arbitration in some form or other? The nation will see that the worker is not ill used, and meanwhile the Trade Unions themselves will

learn that sense of responsibility which was destroyed by the Trades Disputes Act. Trade Unions by all means, but let us have machinery that will save us from frivolous or perverse strikes, and let us teach the workers to accept their responsibility for the increase of production that is so vitally necessary for the whole world. Trade Unions can in this way be given a proper and useful place in the economy of industry.

How does this look to the Trades Unions? The trade unionist knows that if the worker has gradually and painfully extricated himself from the pit into which he was flung at the Industrial Revolution, it is thanks to the right to strike and to nothing else. The events that stand out in his history as a class are the weeks and months of privation that his grandfather and his father endured before him as he has endured them in his own day to preserve a standard of life that had been won by the same sacrifices. The men who talk to him of renouncing this weapon do not realize that they are asking of him something about which he feels the same emotion as he feels about his freedom from military service. To the trade unionist such a proposal as Sir Robert Horne made last week only shows what sinister designs the Government has at heart.

To the outside observer the proposal is conspicuous chiefly for its folly. That a Minister could seriously make it shows how completely out of touch the Government is with the temper and mind of the workers or the true nature of the problem. The State does not represent to the worker either a sympathetic or a neutral force. It represents a number of powerful people like Sir Allan Smith or Sir Eric Geddes, who personify the interests against which he has struggled all his life. Mr. George thinks that all that you need to form a Government is to collect a number of vigorous and influential people and let them work at their several problems in their own way without the guidance of any principle. As a result we get this remarkable state of things in which a Tory lawyer as Minister of Labor proposes, at the instance of the business men behind the Government, a measure of which this, at any rate, was certain to anyone who knew the history of the Trade Unions: that it would be rejected without a moment's hesitation.

But the rejection of Compulsory Arbitration in any form does not itself solve the question. It is true that the Trade Unions cannot under present circumstances give the nation all the help that they ought to give. It is equally true also that they need a greater sense of responsibility, and that the rank and file have to learn to attach more importance to the agreements into which Trade Unions enter. But they will not be encouraged to learn that lesson by repealing the Trades Disputes Act, or by prescribing pains and penalties, or by giving the Courts further powers. To suppose that such measures will give any new moral sanction to agreements or impress the worker is to misunderstand completely his point of view. The Trade Unions were necessarily from their origin and history aggressive, almost revolutionary institutions. They were a challenge to the classes in power that hated and dreaded them. That tradition colors their outlook on all Government machinery. They will not change their outlook until their status is changed. They want more and more to take a responsible part in the government of industry, and to help in giving power and initiative to the economic life of their society.

Such a change means, of course, a revolution, and it is not a revolution that is simple or easy to carry out in any of its stages. But the alternative is something like paralysis or chaos in the industrial world, with social consequences that nobody can foresee. There is nothing disquieting or discouraging in this development: on the contrary, this desire on the part of the workers is full of hope for all those whose minds are not irrevocably locked up in the prejudices of the past. But there is something very disquieting in the spirit in which the Government is treating the problem created by this desire. For instead of thinking out the ways and means of guiding the nation through this transition, the Ministers of the day are evidently absorbed in a very different dream. They are, as we have said, thinking only of increasing the power of the great capitalists. There, they think, lies the way of salvation for the State. There is no such way. But the path will be pursued, and one of its worst blunders is that the Government will not take Trade Unionism, even as a lamp to their feet.

## LILULI.

BY ROMAIN ROLLAND.

(Continued from page 142.)

THE CROWD: The cannons. Get down, Polonius! You've talked enough for to-day! It's time to dance now. (In effect, during the last part of Polonius's speech, a number of cannons, garlanded, beribboned or covered with foliage, have been rolled up from either side of the ravine.)

A Voice (from the other side of the ravine): Hullo there!

Merchants: Here we are, sir, here! (On a double cord thrown across the ravine they send over, by means of an arrangement of pulleys, bales and barrels in exchange for cash.)

Polichinelle: I thought there was to be no more crossing.

The Fat Men: Only for people, sir. Money always crosses. Money needs no bridge. Mercury has always had wings on his heels. (To the workmen, pointing to the people on the other bank.) Look, gentlemen, look over there; it's appalling. They're armed to the teeth. Cannons and catapults, muzzles pointing, ready to spit, their powder dry and their cord oiled. Halbards, muskets, a forest of surging arms. My flesh creeps at the sight. Prepare! It's against us.

The Workmen: No it isn't, old fool. They're playing. We're doing just the same.

The Fat Men: They're doing much more. Count, count! Ah! the brigands! They have seventy-one rifles, while we have only three score and ten.

The Workmen: But we have twenty-seven catapults against their twenty-six.

The Fat Men: Silence! Stop him! . . . The wretch! He is betraying the secrets of the defence.

The Workmen: Defence against whom? We're all good comrades.

The Fat Men: Oh, impious, impious! Abject creatures, can you be so far degraded that you don't know how to hate your enemies?

The Workmen: Faith, no! I neither love nor hate you.

The Fat Men: Have you no country? Can't you read? It is written: "Your enemies are the robbers who don't live here."

The Workmen: And what about the robbers here?

The Fat Men: The game is preserved here. I have a licence to shoot.

The Workmen: I don't see the difference if I'm fleeced here or there.

The Fat Men: There's a very great difference.

The Workmen: Yes, certainly; for you.

The Fat Men: Would you rather be fleeced here

and there? Listen: isn't it better that we should rob you in a friendly way, all in the family, leaving you, for decency's sake, your breeches? Isn't that better than to see them adorning an alien's nether limbs? Listen, my lads: that you should be plucked is good, very good, and we have no fault to find with it: it is the law of nature, the Law. But the law doesn't demand that a goose should be plucked twice. Why the devil do you want to be? Upon my word, I speak as your good friend, I am standing up for your rights. Don't you find it hard enough as it is to live here? Are you mad? What giddy folly has seized you that you want to invite competitors into your fields? They will take everything. We're already beginning to suffocate among ourselves; why it's almost impossible to stir on the road. If other people come, nobody will be able to walk at all.

The Thin Men: What he says is very true. We're not fat, but we're already packed as tight as sardines in a tin. Where shall we put these whales?

The Workmen: The world is a large place. What a lie! There is no lack of roads. If need be, we'll make some more.

The Fat Men: No, no, there is only one, and that's ours. It's the only good one, the only one that leads straight. The first at the goal will be king; he'll be able to take everything and the rest can tighten their belts. Go on, then; fight these dogs for the bone they will have seized!

The Thin Men: Greedy brutes! What an appetite! They do nothing but gorge and guzzle. They eat into everything. They're like caterpillars. The devil! if they get across they'll gobble us down alive. . . . Ooh! what are they doing? They're coming! . . . The enemy! Stop. . . . To arms! . . . Barricade the bridge! . . . Shut the gates! . . . Bring up the cannons!

The Hurluberloches (from the other side): Hi, there! What do they want? They mean to invade us! To arms! Fall on them!

The Fat Men: See now! What did I tell you? They meant to take us by surprise.

The Thin Gallipoulets: Swine!

The Thin Hurluberloches: Toads!

The Thin Gallipoulets: Lubbers!

The Thin Hurluberloches: Stink-pots!

Certain Workmen: You're all idiots. To begin with, explain what it's all about.

The Fat Men: No explanations. They mobilized before we did.

The Workmen (to their fellows on the other side): Comrades, let us disarm.

The Thin Gallipoulets: Put down your arms, murderer!

The Thin Hurluberloches: Put them down yourself.

The Thin Gallipoulets: You first!

The Thin Hurluberloches: First you!

All: Not such fools as all that!

Polichinelle (laughing): The idiots!

The Fat Men: The rogues were only waiting for us to disarm to fall upon us.

The Thin Gallipoulets: You stupid! Your trick is stitched together with white thread; one can see it twenty yards away.

The Thin Hurluberloches: Don't come near!

The Thin Gallipoulets: Back with you!

The Thin Hurluberloches: I'll have your eyes!

The Thin Gallipoulets: I'll stick you in the gizzard!

Master-God (his voice is audible in the midst of the crowd before he can be seen): Wait! My presence is the only thing wanting at your festival. Where the cannons are, there am I. Present! Open your ranks! . . . Excuse me, my children, excuse me, it's me, it's God. Let me pass. (He makes his way through the crowd, which falls back to let him pass.)

The Crowd of Gallipoulets: It is God! God has come! God is among us! God is for us! God is ours! (The crowd has fallen into line and Master-God is seen advancing, wearing Gallipoulet uniform, epaulettes, gold braid and all, over his white robe—which makes him look like a sapper. Behind him, carried on a throne in the

midst of the Dervishes and the Very Fat, is Truth. She almost disappears under the heavy, stiff, gold-embroidered chasuble that hides her arms; her head droops under the weight of a massive tiara: a bright metallic veil covers her nose, mouth and chin as though she were an Arab woman: her eyes alone are free. With every appearance of veneration, the Very Fat uphold the train of her long Byzantine mantle and the gold and silver cords attached to it. She is narrowly escorted by a body-guard: bussolanti, journalists and diplomats who allow no one to come near, and keep off the inquisitive.)

Master-God: Yes, my friends, I am yours, wholly at your service, myself, my relations, my servants, and my lady (he bows his head)—the lady Truth, your queen and servant. Since one is your God, it is your business to obey. And, in true godly style, I love you; one is very comfortable staying with you; the food is good; your cause could not therefore be bad. You laugh at me sometimes, I admit; but I can laugh too, and I can appreciate the worth of a good joke. Laugh away, my sons; it will be all the worse for you, you're as meek as sheep. I love you, we love one another, we're as thick as thieves. Therefore, since the time has come to take, let us take. But first a little idealism! The booty will seem the more valuable for that. Attention, please! I am beginning. . . . Your possessions, my friends, are sacred; so will other people's be when they become yours, for you have Truth on your side (you can see her: she's veiled so as not to spoil her complexion); and along with her you have Right, Might, Liberty, Authority, Money and the Virtues (who, prudent girls, never marry a beggar), Capital and the Ideal, the nimble Spirit and nimble hands—in a word the monopoly of civilization. Everything about you is holy, holy, and you are holy little saints yourselves. Consequently anyone who attacks you is accursed and you may suppress him: 'tis an act of piety. Now it is obvious that you are being attacked. Truth has the proofs in a sealed envelope: but we mayn't show them you: it's a secret. Besides, it would really be undignified to discuss them: you are in the right, you have all the trumps in your hand; so you ought to be attacked. And attacked you are. Attack away, then; you will only be doing so to defend yourselves. Yourselves? You will be defending Justice, the Virtues and myself, by God! whom you represent—I am not being modest—far better than we could ever do. On then, courage, kill, kill. For it's war. It is quite true that in my books it is written: "Thou shalt not kill. Love thy neighbor." But the enemy is not your neighbor. And defending oneself isn't killing. It's only a matter of coming to a proper understanding of the question. My servants are here to set your hearts at rest. Cheerily! cheerily! my sons, come on and fight!

One of the Thin Men: But, my Lord, why does Truth not speak?

Master-God: She's afraid of the air, my dear child. Her throat is delicate and she has tooth-ache. But if you care to ask one of these gentlemen carrying her, the journalists of the escort, they know her from top to toe; they have seen her between a pair of sheets.

(Truth suddenly stands upright on her platform. By a violent effort she has succeeded in throwing off her cope which falls back on to the back of the throne. She appears, her brown body half naked, her arms behind her back, bound hand and foot. The veil covering the lower part of her face falls; the dramatic Gitana's face appears, a gag over the mouth. Standing there motionless she gives the impression of a wild force struggling against its bonds. Confusion among the escort.)

Master-God (precipitately): Quick! hide it! hide it! (To the people): My sons, you must not look. Lower your eyes! Anyone who sees Truth naked will become a cuckold if a man, and if a girl will be struck dumb. Take care! Half-right—Turn!

(All turn half-right at the word of command. They turn their back on Truth, or hide their faces in their hands. Naturally, here and there, there are a few girls and peeping Toms who look between their fingers. The throne is lowered to the ground and the bussolanti,

laying heavy hands on Truth's bare brown shoulders, force her to sit down again.)

Master-God (drawing near, in a whisper): Shameless hussy! (To the bussolanti): Tie her up better this time! (To Truth): What, aren't you content with your gilded chains?

(Truth is tied fast—ever respectfully, of course—to the back of her seat. The chasuble is ceremoniously replaced on her shoulders. After which the bussolanti, journalists, etc., take three steps to the rear, make several genuflections and a deep bow before the idol and finally take their places once more around the now uplifted throne. Throughout this scene, silence. The crowd is motionless and as though petrified.)

Master-God: Take care! . . . Now, my children, you may look. (The whole crowd turns round.)

The Crowd (transported with joy, waving hats, handkerchiefs, palms and umbrellas): Long live Truth! (The procession solemnly marches on. Polichinelle, whose existence has been forgotten by every one, has perched himself on a pointed rock, from which he has surveyed the whole scene in silence, but not without grimaces and contortions. Suddenly he bursts into a peal of laughter, frantic, shrill, infectious, that pierces the noise of the crowd. All looks turn in his direction. And little by little, without understanding why, the whole crowd begins to laugh as he does, a Homeric laugh, that drowns everything else.)

(To be continued.)

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

ALL's well that ends well. "No more taxes" is a good text to preach on to a profiteering House of Commons, and the great Welsh evangelist had his usual success. Things, indeed, remain much as they were before. There is still a trifle of a funded debt of 8,000 millions, a floating encumbrance of some 1,300 millions, and a pending deficit of 500 millions or so. No matter; there is old clo' to sell, which we write down to nothing—"unmarketable," the wise it call—when we hand it over to Denikin, and write up to any number of millions when we want them to fill a Budget hole with. I suppose these rather stupendous rows of noughts now and then perform a delirious dance round Mr. Chamberlain's chaste bed, but they will not disturb Mr. George's repose. I doubt if he even knows of their existence. Do prices soar, and does borrowing make them soar higher still? Then borrow more money. Do the people grumble? Let them work, and then we will give them taxation without tears, and put their wages into a Tombola. The State kept brothels for soldiers in France. Why not gambling hells for workmen in England?

I HAVE KNOWN and observed English society for many years. I have never found it so frankly material as it is to-day. Money, I suppose, was the god of many Victorians; but usually they kept a little shrine of idealism, to which they made intermittent, but not insincere, offering. That has gone from the vocabulary and from the mind of our generation. Look at its politics. I had a recent glimpse of the new Parliament. It looked coarse, its tone was undeniably coarse, and, considering what the House of ten, twenty, forty years ago used to be, it was surprisingly illiterate. One notes the same in society. A certain discursive feverishness stamps the talk; it readily drops to boredom, but speak of money and all is animation again. Money is, of course, being made in hatfuls, and the evidence of the gluttoned purse shows itself in the commonest kinds of ostentation—in thick gold

finger-rings and neck jewellery, liberally worn in third-class carriages, or in the slightly more refined but insipid ornaments of the middle-class profiteers. Said a jeweller not of the capital but of a southern seaside resort the other day: "I have sold more jewellery in the last fourteen months than in the previous fourteen years. One purchase was for a pearl necklace which cost £5,000. It was not an out of the way price." Now comes the great speculative boom; to create mighty fortunes, not from the organizing of business, or even the financing of it, but from pure gambling. "No ostentation for me," said one of these new overlords of ours, with modest pride. "Just three little places, and a couple of cars."

THE development of Bolshevism—for it is, of course, in rapid development—seems to stand something after this fashion. Its worst part is probably over—that is to say, so far as our conscienceless conduct allows anything that is evil in Russia to come to an end. The autocracy remains untouched. Lenin stands at the top of the pinnacle which rises in graded order from the local Soviet to the Commissioners, of whom he is the final elect. He stands alone, both in power and in the popular imagination. Trotsky, as Minister of War, a kind of oratorical Carnot, is important, but only as one of a group of Commissioners. It is a Government of young men, no longer on a purely Communist basis. In the rural districts Lenin aims at a mixed system of individual tenure, village tenure, and Governmental tenure. In the industrial centres a non-Communist element is admitted. The avowed Communist takes the ration appointed for his class, but for non-Communist volunteers (managers, engineers, clerical workers), the market "wage of ability" is obtainable. Lenin would be perfectly willing to attract capital from abroad, and even to outbid the capitalist communities for its possession.

THE moral atmosphere is of Puritan severity. Bolshevik Russia lives for work and the cultivation of the mind. Light literature is not read. During the labor hours the city streets are deserted. A solemn playtime succeeds the intense application of the day, in which young and old take part, for the schools are crowded with adults, possessed with the passion to learn. At the theatres, filled to the doors, the representation is only of classical plays or the modern drama of ideas and "tendencies." In each case the play has its preface in a lecture on the author, his character, and the meaning of his work. Behavior in the streets is irreproachable—no police, no drink, no prostitution, no gaiety, and no liberty. If women are nationalized anywhere, it is in Paris rather than in Petrograd. Thus (I am told) Lenin-Calvin rules his new Geneva of the East, with Western paganism battering at its gate.

OUR visitors from Germany bring no cheerful news of their country. Compared with Berlin London seems a paradise of plenty and contentment. They have, I suppose, hope of a survival; but the French idea of destroying Germany because she is so strong, and the British idea of boycotting her because she is likely to be so industrially efficient, awake a certain melancholy wonder. Germany is simply thinking of how to live, and maintain a vast population on palpably insufficient means. We do not realize that the Revolution was not like the old Revolution, the issue of a war for ideas, but the collapse of a system, the sudden unstringing of the mind and will of a great nation. Under this paralysis

the German people, under-fed and unwarmed, exhausted with the mere struggle to do their marketing, and find bread for their anæmic children, are palpably unfit for any kind of adventure in industry and politics. They have good cereal and potato crops—but they have lost some of the best of the wheat and potato producing districts. The French, who do not want the locomotives they have taken, have crippled their transport; and their supplies of coal and ore are so short that they see no hope of full employment for their workmen. Emigration, therefore, is no longer an outlet for an adventurous surplus of their population; it is a way out of anarchy and starvation. Of course, a State so unhappily poised is most unstable. The Republic, which was to have had the best terms from America and England, has had the worst; and both separatist and reactionary elements are at work against it. At any moment, under any new provocation—such as the Entente's demand for the surrender of the Kaiser and the officers—it may expire.

I IMAGINE that after what has happened in Lower Egypt the Milner Commission will now consider its unnecessary trip to the Nile to be ended. It is a pity that it was ever begun. The Milner Commission was an official device. Lord Milner himself made no name in Egypt, save as a tolerably skilful adviser on finance, and the only member of his Commission whose name could have a welcome sound in Egyptian ears was General Maxwell. The rest were Foreign Office and *prunella*; and Mr. Spender, alone in his Liberalism. Now General Allenby returns, when his soldier's task is over and that of liberal, emancipating statesmanship has not even begun. Let the Government prepare a Constitution for Egypt, and concert it with the appointed leaders of the Egyptian people. Then and only then should Liberals even begin to think of helping them.

I HAD a glimpse of the pleasant and portly young Shah during his progress to the City, but I confess to missing a famous figure from his carriage. Prince Albert and Lord Chesterfield were very well; but where was Lord Curzon? Lord Curzon is a highly ceremonial figure; and he is also of a classical turn of mind, and would have looked well in the triumphal robes of purple and gold. For surely it *was* a triumph, and though Lord Curzon conducted the campaign from Downing Street rather than, as his Roman predecessor would have done, from the Persian plateau, that is the way in which modern Imperialism conquers. Probably the mass of the British people, if they think of Persia at all, would like to think of the boy Shah not as a British satrap but as a ruler of a free country. But the British people do not count nowadays; and that is why, among other things, an appeal from the Persian National Party, which lies on my table and appeals to British democracy to help Persia to come to the Council table of the Society of Nations, and plead her cause there, will not, I fear, be heard by them.

I MUCH regret the death of Mr. Phillips, the famous Editor of the "Yorkshire Post." Mr. Phillips was one of the many men who formally ceased to wear the Liberal coat after 1886, but could not quite doff its spiritual vesture. So in the "Yorkshire Post" he went on talking Free Trade to Yorkshire Protectionists and infecting Yorkshire Tories with as much of the Liberal spirit as their constitutions would stand. It was not a staggering dose, for Mr. Phillips was a cautious physician.

But he was a personality who could not help expressing himself even in the almost expressionless atmosphere of journalism; and he was a thinker who seasoned its cant with some of the stuff of his real thought. Such men are almost lost in this world; their heads only just emerge from its muddled flow. But they don't quite give in; and they keep a tongue of scorn for the cheapjacks, and sometimes use it. Such was Mr. Phillips.

I HAD a second sight of Moscovitch's Shylock; and it confirmed and heightened my view of its extraordinary quality. His representation, as you watch it, has the effect of a Rembrandt; it fixes and concentrates the imagination not on a man and an action merely, but on a great typical figure of humanity, a chapter in history. Mr. Walkley said in his cynical way in the "Times," that Moscovitch's Shylock made you understand pogroms. Yes; but it also made you understand the men who made pogroms. Yet nothing is vaguely idealized. It would be hard to conceive a sharper, more concrete and richly colored image of a man's soul and character. There is the drama without, and there is the play going on in Shylock's mind, and so wonderful is Moscovitch's art that the interest of the one supersedes and almost numbs the interest of the other. Every gesture, every movement, helps it on. The play of thought is continuous, and yet it is not over-suggested.

THE "Times" is supposed to be on the whole the best and the most impartial reporting agency in journalism. That, I imagine, is the ground on which it makes its chief commercial appeal. How does it discharge its business? I open its Thursday morning's issue, containing its account of the Parliamentary debate on Russia, which involves not only a capital point of European and British politics, but an issue in which millions of British trade may be won or lost. The "Times" report extends to over four columns. I gather that seven speeches were directed in one form or another against the Government's policy of encouraging Russians to kill each other, and seven in its favor. The seven hostile speeches (which included two lengthy and important contributions from Colonel Wedgwood and Colonel Malone) were compressed into about half a column; the remaining three and a half columns were allotted to the supporting speeches. I suppose the "Times" pursues this course because it is anti-Bolshevist. But the pre-Northcliffe "Times" used to keep its opinions to its leaders and articles, and open its reporting columns impartially to the people who either disagreed with it or who wanted to know the facts. So far as the "Times" of to-day withholds this service, it seems to me to halve its importance.

It is the fashion to slang our young poets, but the answer to their critics which they make in such volumes as Mr. Sitwell's "Argonaut and Juggernaut" and Mr. Sassoon's "War Poems," and the privately printed "Picture Show," seems to me a pretty satisfying one. Their command of verse forms, new and old, gives them a place in English poetry which it is easy to see they will continually strengthen and establish. But there is another side to their achievement. They were the first English men of letters to exhibit the war in the dress in which generations of their countrymen will assuredly see it. A life of unheard-of suffering was being lived by hundreds of thousands of young Englishmen. Journalism passed over and by this ever renewed scene of mental and physical torture as if it had never been. The war

went on under the mask of a State-press, and these young men tore it away. They, and they alone, subduing their artists' sense to this act of service to humanity, but giving it also its due vesture of grace and freedom in expression, told unthinking, unhearing England what it meant. Their work, or some of it, appears in these volumes.

CAVALRY officer, discussing with other officers the solemn subject of boots, and where it is best to seek for footwear and tops, and reporting the glad news that—, of Bond Street had set up a branch in Cologne: "Well, if this war has done nothing else, it's taught the French Army something about boots."

#### HOLIDAY moods:—

Most of men's sins are in their style, and the older they get the more of a shirt of Nessus it becomes.

There are only two classes of men, drudges and wastrels. Revolutions define them more clearly, but they are always there.

If God exists, all life must be a representation of Him. But the actors see neither the beginning of the play nor its end, nor its meaning; they all, even the most fortunate, are cast for unsuccessful parts; and at best they only now and then hear the Prompter's voice.

The young man thinks the old one unfeeling and his taste in art and literature bad. The old man thinks the same of the young one.

If it were not for humor, and the fear of it, every man would be a hypocrite.

The ill-natured man does one service to the world; he observes a good deal of it. Witness Swift and Butler.

We spend years in undoing with our second thoughts the good our first thoughts would have done us in as many seconds.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### A CAREER.

"WHAT has been, has been, and I have had my hour." So Lord Fisher looks back on his life: one of the most amazing romances of the world. Brandishing his fist, in the face of King Edward, and of real or possible enemies, flourishing his *panache* in old age and under the shadow of death, he pours out at the last a cataract of inspired, confused utterance. To those who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance, these dictated "Memories" ("Memories," By Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher. Hodder & Stoughton) which have stimulated some and scandalized others, form but a summary of his talk. It could be heard at any luncheon table at which he was present, at any interview, or even in a casual meeting in a busy street, where similar sentiments would be shouted aloud to the astonishment of the passer-by. Every contradictory element combines in this old man. A cynic and a sentimentalist, a man of fiery hates and loves, possessed of boundless conceit before men and a fundamental humility before God, concerned at one time with hard, material realities—turbines and water-tube boilers and light draft steamers, at another with non-material ideals—weeping over the ill-treatment of Nelson, finding it hard to live after the death of King Edward, quoting Scripture, defending Mary Magdalene, extolling Moses for his meekness and adventure, he crashes through life, enjoying every moment

of it, convinced every moment that he is destroying his enemies or about to be destroyed by them, with every day a fighting Armageddon, wilful and wayward, petulant and proud, a man of insight and weakness and vision—greatly hated and feared and loved—singularly alive. "The full corn in the ear," he exclaims, in a verdict upon Stead's article on him. "What really is a man's life is the endurance and the adversity and the non-recognition and the humiliating slights and the fighting, morning, noon, and night, of early life." "The lights begin to twinkle on the rocks," he quotes before the end. "If our late Blessed Master was alive" (the reference and the capitals are to the late Edward VII. of pious memory) "I should know what to do: but I feel my hands tied now. Perhaps a kindly Providence put us both on the Beach at the right moment! Who knows?"

Fisher was to emerge from that retreat for one crowded hour of glorious life: then, self immolating, place himself for ever "on the Beach" again. "Having this fear," he declares with a fine simplicity (the fear of "waning without knowing it—for a man never knows it himself") "I left office on my birthday in 1910, though for a few short months in 1914 I enjoyed the 'dusky hues of glorious war' and exceedingly delighted myself in those seven months in arranging a new Armada against Germany of 612 vessels and in sending Admiral von Spee and all his ships to the bottom of the sea." And nothing so became him as the leaving of it in an heroic act of self-abnegation, and a protest against a policy which he thought, and which we now know, to have been calamitous. A lesser man, of perhaps more limited but of dominant personal ambition, would have accepted the disastrous policy of Mr. Churchill in Gallipoli, knowing that events would speedily show that this policy would have to be abandoned. Such a man would have been content to remain in office at all hazards until the end of the war, looking out the second best if the best were impossible, conscious that when the final success came he would be crowned as the organizer of victory. He preferred a decision which toppled down Mr. Churchill and his mad policy, but also toppled down himself. "I was the only sufferer by it," he writes afterwards to Sir Maurice Hankey in a fine and spacious utterance, "by loss of office and of an immense certainty in my mind of Big Things in the North Sea and Baltic by the unparalleled Armada we were building so marvellously quickly, e.g. submarines in five months instead of 14, and destroyers in nine months instead of 18! and immense fast battle cruisers with 18 inch and 15 inch guns in eleven months instead of two years! *Why, it was the desolation of my life to leave the Admiralty at that moment!* (the italics are his own) knowing that once out I should never get back again." There is here an echo of the spirit of the later letters of Columbus, though with less resentment against those who had "done him this dishonor." He was sacrificed to Mr. Churchill's desperate effort to succeed at Gallipoli, maintained largely in ignorance, and inspired by the belief that with its success was bound up his own political career and future fame. Yet no word of censure is passed upon Mr. Churchill by the man who had been awarded the fate of Moses—"thou shalt gaze upon the promised land but thou shalt in no wise enter therein." "I backed him up till I resigned. *I would do the same again.* He had courage and imagination! He was a War Man!"

He comes into the story, in poverty and half starved, a child living with a grandfather driven by losses to take in lodgers "who, of their charity gave me bread thickly spread with butter—butter was a thing I otherwise never saw—and my staple food was boiled rice with brown sugar—very brown." His start in the Navy was as a boy without money, influence, or friends, in a ship of which the captain was almost if not quite insane in a lust for cruelty. He ends it having experienced every advantage that this world can give, attained by energy and tenacity. He obtains to the full those successes which the world thinks desirable. Society fights him in the endeavor to break him. He brings society to heel, and it comes whimpering for his company. He holds easy intercourse

with Kings and Emperors, is embraced by one, called "You darling," and fed with chocolate, is on intimate terms of rebuke and flattery with another, is feared (as he believes) more than any other living man by a third. But he attains success of a kind far more intoxicating than any attention of such ephemera. In a few years he tosses one British Navy to the scrap heap and creates another. He sets the pace in ingenious weapons of destruction, after which painfully toil the various navies of the world. He anticipates what he regards as the "inevitable" war. He reduces the whole British Navy into a concentrated machine waiting to spring against Germany. He performs this work largely in secret. Sometimes he can only effect his purpose by deliberate concealment from his official superiors. He chuckles over his success. He shoulders away or tramples under feet all those who interfere with that purpose, whether they are aware of their deeds or ignorant of them. His prophecy is fulfilled. How far his action had contributed to the fulfilment of that prophecy, only history can decide. But there the thing is, for which he had toiled terribly. It is used recklessly, foolishly. It is hampered (as he believes) by such general folly as the determination of Britain to fight on land as well as by sea. It is never used adequately, as he still believes it might have been, to strike an irrecoverable blow at the heart of the enemy. Nevertheless at the end it remains the greatest instrument of Victory. Small wonder that the man who was in a literal sense the creator of it at the last is half-intoxicated with pride in his own handiwork and half awed into ascription of all the glory to God.

He is right in many of his affirmations and policies, and is also almost criminally insane in the recklessness of some of his plans, and the foolishness with which he boasts about them. He was a pro-Boer in the South African War. He would never listen to any argument for compulsory military service. He was opposed to the wasting of British manhood on foreign fields, whether as free men or conscripted, and even to-day is doubtful whether that policy, though seemingly having given England the victory, has not in reality sealed England's doom. The creator of the greatest navy the world has ever seen was also the most relentless enemy of waste in all its forms. A supporter of the Tory policy of aggression against Germany in time of peace, he was persecuted for years by a section of Tories as a pro-German, and was in jeopardy of dismissal in response to their clamor. Toryism, indeed, he hated and despised. One of his dearest conceptions—never realized—was the opening of a career in the Navy, not to a limited class but to the forty million inhabitants of these islands, a practical reform to which he turns again and again. He found it "amazing" that "anyone should persuade himself that an aristocratic service can be maintained in a Democratic State." He says to Mr. McKenna of the opponents of it, "Shove! Shove them over the precipice. I have the plan all cut and dried." The plan remains cut and dried still.

Whether his great project of a British Armada, invading Germany through the Baltic as Spain essayed to invade England through the Channel, would have meant a similar catastrophe is conjectural. Certainly the original scheme to land armies of Russians in Pomerania, in view of what we now know of the spirit, organization, and equipment of the Russian Armies, could only have resulted in utter destruction. But he was right about Gallipoli; right (with a flash of genius) in the dispatch of the battle cruisers to the Falkland Islands; splendidly right in his condemnation of the "stunt" at Zeebrugge and Ostend, by which brave lives were wantonly sacrificed in order to convince the populace that the Navy was "doing something." "Lost uselessly," he cries out. "No such folly was ever devised by fools as such an operation as that of Zeebrugge divorced from military co-operation on land. What were the bravest of the brave massacred for? Was it glory? Is the British Navy a young Navy requiring Glory?" And he quotes from Dean Inge, "We must hope that in the Paradise of brave men the knowledge is mercifully hid from them that they died in vain."

The challenge of his book to-day is his confession

and defence of his scheme to "Copenhagen" the German Fleet in time of profound peace. Here is a document which will go straight into the pages of history as a heavy weight in the balance of criminality when estimate is made of the guilt of the war. The defence may urge his habitual recklessness and extravagance of utterance; his love of talking for effect, to startle and surprise; his knowledge that he was never in a position to carry out such a policy, coupled with a conviction that such a policy would in fact never have been dreamt of. Even in his advocacy of "ruthlessness" the talk was largely for effect. "Perhaps I went a little too far," he confesses, "when I said I would boil the prisoners in oil and murder the innocent in cold blood." Lord Fisher would never, as a matter of fact, have murdered the innocent or tortured the prisoners; although in a letter to Tirpitz, he congratulates his fallen rival on the success of the ruthless submarine campaign. The pose was somewhat similar to that of Nelson, who proclaimed the first duty of Englishmen passionately to hate all Frenchmen, and for all time, but in his last prayer before Trafalgar asked for moderation in the hour of victory, and in his conduct towards individual enemies was full of chivalry and compassion. But the impeachment against Lord Fisher remains—that this wild advocacy of a criminal act which would have turned all the world into an Alliance to destroy England was maintained by a man in a high position, one of the best known figures in Europe; that information concerning it did, as a matter of fact, get to Potsdam and confirm the rulers of Germany in their belief that this was England's policy; that his intimacy with King Edward should alone have caused him to keep silent on such a matter; and that if similar utterances had been proclaimed in public or private by Tirpitz or any of the German military leaders, the whole of Britain would have been lashed into fury. The best defence is that genius, like childhood, cannot see things in perspective, and that all the work of this man reveals him as a genius—and a child.

#### SOME STAR MOTIONS.

OBSERVATIONS on double stars show that their motions may be described as due to a mutual attraction which obeys the law of gravitation. The force whose law was formulated by Newton is not confined to the solar system; there is reason to believe that it expresses a universal property of matter, that throughout the whole stellar universe this law is obeyed. The question therefore arises as to how far the motion of a star is affected by the attractions exerted by the other stars in the universe. In view of what is known of the immense distances separating the stars it is obvious that even at the smallest normal stellar distance, this attraction must be exceedingly minute. We are not here, of course, speaking of the distances separating definite physically-connected systems such as double stars and certain multiple stars, but of the normal distribution of stars where the distances between adjacent members are comparable with the distance separating the sun from its nearest neighbor. As giving an idea of the kind of magnitudes involved, we may consider the attraction between the sun and *α Centauri*, the star nearest to it. It appears that the attraction of the sun on *α Centauri* imparts to that star, in the course of a year, a velocity of one centimetre per hour, a velocity which is, of course, altogether inappreciable. At this rate, before a respectable velocity, say one kilometre per second, could be imparted, hundreds of millions of years would have to elapse. Such a force might well seem negligible, but it must be remembered that the life history of a star may well embrace vastly greater periods of time, so that the cumulative effect of such a force might lead to a serious modification in a star's motion. Actually, however, *α Centauri* and the sun will not remain neighbors long enough to permit such a cumulative effect. In the short space of 150,000 years from now the distance

between these two stars will have doubled and long before the effect of the sun's attraction could become perceptible a *Centauri* will have passed practically outside the range of the sun's attraction.

The motions of the stars, during the time they have been observed, have been rectilinear and uniform. We have seen that the forces producing deflections are very minute, and a more exact analysis confirms our impression that the attractions of neighboring stars produce deflections which are, on the whole, inappreciable. As a matter of fact it has been calculated that an average star may suffer a deflection of one degree after 3,200 million years. In addition to this cumulative deflection there is a very remote chance of comparatively violent encounters due to the unusually near passage of two stars. This chance is very remote, as may be seen from the fact that a deflection of about two degrees may be expected from this source once in about eight hundred thousand million years. We can see what these figures mean by considering what would happen to an immense cluster of stars all moving in the same direction with a velocity of forty kilometres per second. After 100 million years only one in eight thousand will have been lost by violent encounters, if we regard a star as lost when direction differs from that of the main stream by more than two degrees. After 80,000 million years one-tenth of the stars will have been lost in this way. The cumulative effect of the small deflections, however, will be such that at the end of this period the average angle made by the others with the direction of the stream will be five degrees. We see that while the forces concerned are very minute yet the enormous periods of time dealt with in stellar investigations may enable such forces to produce appreciable effects.

We may test this matter, experimentally as it were, by observation of some of the actual moving clusters found in the heavens. The moving clusters known as the Taurus-stream, comprising part of the stars in the Hyades, is a good example. It comprises at least forty stars and possibly many more. These stars are all moving in the same direction with the velocity of forty kilometres per second. Apparent divergencies in the observed motions may be accounted for by assuming that the cluster extends about the same distance along the direction from the sun as it does laterally. We may see that the equality and parallelism of the motions of the individual stars of such a cluster must be extremely accurate from the consideration that if the motion of one member deviated from the mean by one kilometre per second, then in ten million years it would have receded from the others by a greater distance than the actual dimensions of the cluster.

Now ten million years is a short time in the life of stars of the type belonging to the Taurus cluster. From the mere fact that the cluster still remains a compact group it can be deduced that the individual velocities must be equal to within a small fraction of a kilometre per second. The Taurus cluster is slightly condensed towards its centre; it is globular in shape, the diameter of the globe being more than thirty light-years—i.e., light would take more than thirty years to pass from one side of the cluster to the other. It has been computed that in sixty-five million years it will appear as an ordinary globular cluster of about one-third of a degree in diameter, the stars constituting it appearing to be of the ninth to the twelfth magnitude. Now the immense volume of space occupied by the cluster must also contain many stars which do not belong to the cluster. In its march through the heavens the Taurus stream must continually pass through other collections of stars. It can be shown that if we consider the present extension of the cluster to be wholly due to the influence exerted by the other stars, then its age cannot be greater than fifty-seven million years. This age is much too low. We cannot suppose that stars in as advanced a state of evolution as the spectroscopic shows the Taurus cluster to be can have been in existence for so short a time. Since the dissolving influence of the other stars has nevertheless gone on we can only suppose it has been counteracted by some other influence.

It is most reasonable to suppose that this other influence is the mutual gravitation of the stars forming

the cluster. Since the members of the cluster are separated from one another by distances comparable with normal stellar distances we see that this mutual gravitation must be exceedingly small. Small as it is, however, it is evidently sufficient to counteract the equally minute forces tending to disruption. Thus in investigations on the stellar motions it may be assumed that the stars describe paths without interfering with one another. This is not to say that the paths are straight lines. Although the influence of individual stars is negligible, the attraction exerted on any one star by our whole stellar universe is by no means negligible. It is small, but it is persistent; the star is always subjected to it, and for this reason its influence is considerable. An estimate of its amount depends to some extent on the shape we suppose our universe to possess. There is good reason to suppose that this shape is approximately known, and a first rough calculation may be attempted. We find that a star will, under this general attraction, describe a complete orbit in about three hundred million years. On any reasonable theory of the sun's age, therefore, we must suppose that it and our whole solar system has traversed at least once, and probably many times, this immense circuit of the heavens.

## The Drama.

### SUMMERTIME.

"SUMMERTIME" is a rather thin comedy of sentiment; but it is well managed, so that I cannot recall a single stage effect which was wasted. To make all perfectly complete the three girls who were engaged to the hero, and who came to work on the land exactly in the district where he was hiding from them, should also have been the three girls who had jilted his three companions. But as the three other young men were falling in love with these land girls during their exile I do not see how, without a sort of general transference of affection, any such failure to recognize one's recent sweetheart could have been maintained. One cannot help speculating upon these contingencies, of course, because one has such a sense that Mr. Louis N. Parker has been over the ground already, scrupulously gathering up the grains. The impulse to beat a thrifty dramatist at his own game is often irresistible; but Mr. Parker, I imagine, is not to be beaten, for "Summertime" is irreproachably neat, like a well-picked bone. The whole of the action takes place in the same room; but variety of scene is gained by a scanty refurnishing in the last act. Because one of the young men has amateurishly installed them, electric lights waver and bob and go out effectively at times when it is desirable that some diversion should occur. During the hero's explanatory narrative in the first act each point is emphasized by the sudden swishing of a plane along a piece of wood. When the heroine arrives in the midst of a frantic discussion of her possible identity one sees the headlight of her motor-cycle traverse a road that is only painted upon the back cloth, and one sees it cleverly turning a sharp corner at high speed. All these are "effects," perfectly legitimate, and only noticeable because the play is dependent upon them for its dramatic interest. They strike the eye and the ear, but neither the heart nor the judgment; and as a consequence the purely dramatic interest of "Summertime" is rather less than its interest as an exercise in writing for the theatre.

The heroine of the play is one of those people who "manage" everybody, and she knows unerringly how to placate an angry housekeeper by praising her cap, to ridicule a pair of old slippers so that their wearer retreats immediately to change his entire costume, to transform a slut into a willowy babbler of fairies and green fields, and to make lovers and slaves of all the men and women in Ipplepen. She is a thoroughly "nice," unconventional girl, one of those young persons of novels and plays who constitute themselves wards to young men whom they afterwards deliciously marry. She is freshly

arrived from Australia, but she comes from London with many boxes full of beautiful new clothes, so cleverly chosen that they will upon emergency fit any figure and adorn women either fair or dark. She has brains to grasp every dilemma, and wit to plan a way out of it. She has resource, cajolery, and strength. From the moment of her abrupt arrival after dinner one evening to the moment of her complete triumph the next evening at a similar hour, she is incessantly, almost monotonously, successful. She works so quickly that all the four young men whom she finds pigging together in the same house are transformed immediately into gallants; the three land girls who spend their time in singing part-songs of a summery character are put into evening dress and paired off for good; and Silvia's cousin Willoughby is brought to her arms through the terror of three looming actions for breach of promise. Such rapidity would in real life make him afraid. He would draw back. He would think Silvia's pace much too rapid. Even Silvia herself might pause, foreseeing that the future might offer successes more difficult and therefore, one would think, more delectable. On the stage such things are done otherwise than in real life. Mr. Parker is out for the practicable rather than the real. The marriage goes forward. All the marriages go forward. We leave the entire cast joyously singing "Sumer is yumen in," and anticipating an orgy of marriage.

It is because of his love of the practicable that Mr. Parker has dwelt all through the play upon what, in real life, would be inessential things. He has been aware all the time that if certain noises synchronize with certain actions, if the entry of one person occurs at the moment of the exit of another, and if a very pretty young woman is alone on the stage with a young man of any description, these things will have their immediate message for a body of people gathered together in the theatre. What the girl and the young man say to each other is of minor importance; Mr. Parker's turn as a dramatist is served by their mere proximity. Whether the noises are probable or not, or the entrances appropriate and warrantable, is of less account to him than their effectiveness at the moment. That is, Mr. Parker is a dramatist "of the theatre" rather than a dramatist of the emotions. He deals with the obvious tricks of the stage in such a manner as to make them appear new and amusing—or old and amusing. His new play is a very effective, and often quite charming, sentimental comedy of improbabilities and little stunts. One defect it shares, in common with its kind, and that is the relative unimportance of its personages. The hero is no more than a foil to the heroine; the rest of the company is no more than a chorus (in the operatic sense) to the two principals. The principals are alike in lack of character, because when one has abstracted the heroine's genius for "management" (which is an invented, and not an imagined characteristic), there is left nothing to call by the name of Silvia. If Miss Fay Compton and Mr. Aubrey Smith (who are extremely good throughout, but quite perfect in their two scenes together) were less finished the poverty of character in their parts would be strikingly apparent. We should then appreciate how much these two infuse into Silvia and Willoughby from their own resources. They give to the words which they have to speak an inimitable wryness or whimsy. They soften crudities, as only good actors can, emphasizing another than the obvious word, conveying additional meanings by slight, hardly perceptible gestures or glances, where other actors less skilled would underline and vulgarize. To Miss Fay Compton and to Mr. Aubrey Smith, and in a less degree to Miss Fanny Brough, who gives a characteristic study of a rough, cheery woman with a personality only less dominating than that of Silvia, the play owes a great deal of its success in the theatre. To proclaim this is not to deny that "Summer-time" is an innocuously enjoyable entertainment. It is perfectly enjoyable. It is the enjoyment, however, of the jig-saw, or of toy bricks, and as far as the play is concerned the audience's satisfaction is the purring satisfaction of those who see a familiar job competently done under their eyes.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

## Communications.

### THE CRISIS IN SYRIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Secret diplomacy and secret treaties are again involving us in grave issues. The Syrian question has lately reached a critical stage and no solution appears in sight. On the contrary we learn from a leading article in the "Times" (October 24th) that "an acrimonious correspondence" has passed between M. Clemenceau and Mr. George on the question, and we know, too, that public opinion in Damascus is dangerously stirred against the French; while the Emir Feisul has told Mr. George that if the French persist in their imperialist policy in northern Syria he will be unable to hold his army or his people in check. This imbroglio is at present only a cloud like a man's hand on the horizon of Anglo-French relations. But it may easily cover the whole sky. Nothing is more likely to bring it about than the attitude of the London Press. Ignorance and cynicism have here joined hands. France wants Syria. She wants it so badly that Anglo-French relations will be jeopardized if she does not get it. True, the majority of the Syrians may not want the French. But if we have to choose between the friendship of France and the wishes, or the welfare, of the Syrians we cannot hesitate. Thus the Press. That it is a cynical point of view even its upholders might admit. But it is ignorant as well. For nothing is more certain to embitter our relations with France than if she is encouraged to force herself on a highly intelligent and industrious people. Only those who have a first-hand knowledge of the Near East can realize the intrigues and jealousies that will result. It will be like the days in Egypt before the Anglo-French Convention, with the difference that the area for mutual obstruction and recrimination will be far wider. Our rulers, to do them justice, realize the dangers of the situation. Hence we suppose the "acrimonious correspondence" and hence the postponement of Viscount Allenby's departure for Egypt.

The immediate point at issue is the British evacuation of the Arab zone in Syria, to which we agreed by a so-called military convention with the French signed on September 17th. By that agreement we are to begin to withdraw our troops on November 1st, and on our departure the districts in question will be handed over to the Emir Feisul's Government. Field-Marshal Allenby, who is Commander-in-Chief in the occupied enemy territory, will then cease to be responsible for their administration. But while we are evacuating this portion of Syria, the French remain in possession of Beirut, the Littoral and the Lebanon. That the Emir Feisul holds to be a violation of the declaration made through him by General Allenby to the Arabian and Syrian people at the time of the Turkish *débâcle*. For in the brilliant operations by which the Ottoman power was for ever overthrown in Syria, the Emir Feisul's army played a by no means insignificant rôle, and it was the first to reach Beirut and Tripoli, where the Emir hoisted his flag and installed his own agents. As the result of French protests, General Allenby ordered the Emir, who though the head of an independent allied army was of course acting under the British Generalissimo, to lower his flag and withdraw his officials, saying at the same time that he, as Commander-in-Chief, would be responsible for the administration of the whole country until such time as its fate had been definitely decided by the Peace Conference. The Emir, whose relations with Allenby have always been, and still are, of the most cordial nature, at once agreed. Now he claims that this promise has been violated, since the Peace Conference as a whole has not determined the future of Syria, and the native Syrian-Arab Government finds itself ousted from places which it would not have given up to any Power except the British. "If," he argues, "you disturb the *status quo* as created by the armistice, then you should restore us to the position we held at that time. We did not take up arms against Turkey to see our country divided up against our will.

We have the pledge of the British Government, made in 1915, that no Arabian speaking district should be handed over to any European Power without the consent of its inhabitants. Yet this is what you are doing, and by a side agreement between yourselves and the French Government."

Here the unfortunate secret treaty between the French and British Governments, that was negotiated in 1915 between Sir Charles Sykes and M. Picot, rears its head. By that treaty, which the Arab Government only learnt of through the Bolsheviks, we committed ourselves to French claims in Syria. We had previously made promises to the Arabs. Now we are finding that the two sets of engagements are incompatible. Our Foreign Office, which has bound itself to the chariot wheels of French imperialism, is trying hard to find a way out of the muddle it has created. Anyone who considers for a moment this military convention with the French Government can judge for himself how well the Foreign Office is succeeding. Apart from the disingenuousness of trying to solve the problem—which to the Foreign Office presents itself as satisfying France and hoping that the Syrians will believe our professions that we are acting in their own best interests—by a so-called military agreement, to which the Emir's Government is not a party and to which American statesmanship has not contributed, it is evident that to divide Syria like the Gaul of Caesar's day into three parts, as we are doing, each under its own Government, is a negation of the principle of nationality for which we fought the war. But more futile still is our recognition of the independent character of the Emir Feisul's Government while agreeing with France that in Damascus, Aleppo, Homs and Hama the Emir must look to French advice and assistance, while in the more southerly districts over which he exercises sway, the Emir must look to us. One might as well recognize the "independence" of Egypt and yet tell the Sultan that in the Delta he must govern with French assistance, while we could help him in Upper Egypt.

What solution can Liberalism offer to this mess? None, unless we be guided by principle. A statesmanship inspired by the opportunism of the moment will never give peace to Syria or any other country. What we have to do is to see that Syrians secure the government they themselves desire. The Lebanon, which has always been Francophil, can be treated as a separate entity. Beirut, the port of the Lebanon, though it has a majority of the population who are bitterly opposed to a French administration, must, doubtless, have special measures designed to meet its peculiar case. But the Littoral to the north should remain Arab, nor should the Emir Feisul be obliged to submit to any foreign influence at Damascus unless he and his people desire it. That the enthusiasm which has brought together Moslems, Christians and Druses, and kindled the soul of Syria with visions of a revival of the glories of the Omniads, and, we may add, has caused the Arab army to fight with us to the bitter end, that all this should be counted as nought compared to the necessity of satisfying a small but noisy French clique is a slur on the Liberalism of England. The Americans, unentangled by treaties or promises, envisaged the question in the dry light of reason. They realized that the people the most concerned with the future of Syria were the Syrians, and they decided to ask them what they wanted. The answer they returned to the American Commission was that they would like the Americans themselves to accept a mandate. Failing the Americans they would like the British. They were most emphatic that they desired no others. In no case do they ask for anything more than assistance. The Government at Damascus forms the nucleus of a future Syrian State that, if not strangled at its birth, may rival Egypt in wealth and far surpass it in intellect and culture. Yet the French Press, which takes an interest in Near Eastern affairs, is boldly asking for a French protectorate in Damascus, and affects to disregard the Emir Feisul's claim, now strongly upheld by the Emir Feisul in his interview with the "Matin," to speak for the Syrians.

Let us then cease to try and settle this question by mere haggling with France, and seek to arrive at some settlement based on justice. France may have to give up some of her ambitions; we must be ready to do the same. That surely would be better than a war between the French and the Arabs, both of whom are our allies, a conflict that would place us in an impossible situation towards them, while jeopardizing such peace as now exists in the Near East.—Yours, &c.,

MID-EAST.

## Letters to the Editor.

### INTERCOURSE WITH GERMANY.

SIR,—The time has now come to take stock of our commercial relations, present and future, with Germany. It was, of course, obvious to any man or woman of common-sense that when the war ended some sort of commercial relation would have to exist between Great Britain and Germany.

It is, of course, time to get rid of the atmosphere of atrocity in which all Germans have been involved every day in every British newspaper. The German is not wholly unintelligible; he is not an irresponsible ogre or cannibal or lunatic. The German atrocities in Belgium and at Wittenberg were due to quite obvious causes. In the first place, the German is timid; in the second place, he was compelled under pain of death to be frightful in Belgium; and in the third place, he was taught by his Prussian instructors that he could produce no effect on persons who were not German except by intimidation. Finally, one must remember that the German was logical about war as the Englishman was not. The German felt and was taught that war was a thoroughly disgusting business and that wars are only won by those who are least squeamish about the realities of war. His instinct harmonized with his reasoned apprehension of the whole situation. The result was that the German behaved rather like Mr. Wells's Invisible Man, and that for another fifty years air-raids and every other kind of frightfulness will be associated with Germany.

On the other hand, we must not forget that all these characteristics have their uses in time of peace. The naturalized British subject of German origin has usually been a thoroughly estimable character, and there can be no doubt that on the other side of the Atlantic the hyphenated American has had a good record as a citizen. The German is impressionable, docile, and orderly, and he can be moulded to the defence of excellent ideals. In the event of a war with Japan we might find him a most useful ally.

If we remember what the British public was like just before 1900, and the popular poems which Mr. Kipling wrote about that period, we can realize what might have been but for the Celtic fringe and the Boer War.

The normal attitude of the Englishman to the German has been one of amiable contempt, if we leave out Fabian circles. Since the war, however, the Briton has realized that the German has a stronger sense of national unity. For the Prussians have drilled into the German a queer religion of the State, which was strongly associated with the Hohenzollern dynasty but might conceivably continue even if that dynasty were extinguished. The nationalism of Europe is quite different to the feelings of the Englishman, who is not by temperament either a nationalist or an imperialist. Nor is the Englishman necessarily an individualist. His loyalty is temperamentally local, regimental, institutional, collegiate, or departmental. He is not in the least enthusiastic about the State as such. The most deadly battles are fought between departments and rural or urban district councils. No man can be more pugnacious than the bureaucrat, the general, the don, or the municipal official. British patriotism is in fact essentially local. The writer's patriotism, so far as it is instinctive, is limited to London and the Home Counties, and the mere memory of Manchester makes him feel treasonable. And probably any citizen of Great Britain would make some similar admission if he were carefully cross-examined. It is, however, this

very fact which makes it easier for a Briton than for anyone else to think internationally. A Frenchman can unify France as an object of patriotism, whereas it is difficult for a British subject to conceive the British Empire as an object of really intimate affection. The Briton can therefore think internationally with far more ease than the citizen of any other European country, and it is therefore our duty to begin thinking internationally as soon as possible, if the League of Nations is to be an accomplished fact.—Yours, &c ,

OBSERVER.

## RUSSIA AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

SIR,—One aspect of the Russian position appears hardly to have received the attention which it deserves. The present operations against Petrograd are in effect a new war. New Governments recently set up by the Allies and new armies of these Governments (Esthonia, North-West Russia, &c.), are, at the instigation of the Allies and supported by finances and materials from the Allies, making war against the Russian Soviet Government. This is in direct disregard of the spirit and letter of the Peace Treaty, which the Allies have just signed and are now in course of ratifying. The Peace Treaty opens with a declaration that the high contracting parties are establishing a system of international law. It lays down rules for the conduct of all Governments. The Treaty opens with the Covenant of the League of Nations, Articles 12, 13 and 15 of which declare that war must not be resorted to until arbitration has been offered or diplomatic settlement of the differences attempted, and in any case three months' delay of hostilities is enjoined. Obviously, these high principles, stated in the Peace Treaty the ink on which is scarcely dry, are set at naught. The League of Nations which King, Archbishops and the rest ask us to pray for next Sunday, needs a great deal of prayer. Some will think that the League of Nations, which is to be dominated by the men who make the war against Russia, is past praying for.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH KING.

Witley, November 3rd, 1919.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE CHURCH.

SIR,—Whether the House of Commons will reject the Enabling Bill or pass it with, or without, further amendments remains to be seen. This at least is certain—the introduction of this Bill will furnish that House with a unique opportunity of expressing itself upon the present religious situation as it affects the Church established by law. To two aspects of that situation I would like to refer. First, the crying need for Christian unity. It will be a thousand pities if the House of Commons fails to use the means which are within its power to further this great cause. In doing this it would, I do not doubt, win the approval of the great mass of the nation by whose consent alone the Anglican Church remains established. It can do this by legalizing, so far as the Church of England is concerned, interchange of pulpits and inter-communion with the Non-Episcopal Churches. Is it not an anomaly which, in this new age, is rapidly becoming intolerable, that the pulpits of the cathedrals and churches of the National Church should be closed to the ablest preachers of the Non-Episcopal Churches, which certainly stand for that non-ecclesiastical and non-sacerdotal view of Christianity which is the basis of the religion of most English laymen? The truth is that in these matters the National Church is in bondage to its ecclesiastics, many of whom, in spite of all their fair words, are still entangled in ecclesiastical and sacerdotal notions which are alien to the spirit of English Christianity. Let the House of Commons break these bonds, and, for its encouragement, remember that the Reformation itself, if the late Professor Gwatkin spoke truly, "was not carried out with the assent of the Church, but the State took the Church in hand and reformed it against its will." Secondly, the need for safeguarding theological liberty within the National Church. This question is closely connected with that of ecclesiastical courts and particularly with the retention of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as the final court of appeal in ecclesiastical causes. This is a theme which might easily be expanded beyond the

length of one of your leading articles. May I content myself with a short quotation from Mr. Emmet's admirable little book, entitled "Conscience, Creeds, and Critics"? At page 39 he says:—

"It may be well to emphasize here the debt which the Church of England owes to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. In theory its jurisdiction and composition in spiritual cases may be open to question, but in practice the three great decisions we have considered have rendered incalculable service to the Church. In the Gorham case it vindicated the position of the Evangelical party; in the Bennett case it did the same for the High Churchman; and in the 'Essays and Reviews' case for the Broad, or Liberal, school of thought. And in each instance the lay court was right, where the purely ecclesiastical court had been wrong."

Contrast with this the following statement taken from a recent publication of the Life and Liberty Movement—No. 5 of the "Fellowship News." At page 4 in an article signed "F. A. I." are these words:—

"The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is a body which can hardly be taken seriously in these days, and an attempt to revive its activity would discredit the [Enabling] Bill in the eyes of many who have, so far, supported it."

This discloses the Life and Liberty Movement in its true colors. A better test could scarcely be applied. Can the adherents of a movement which is obviously out to remove a sheet anchor of religious liberty be trusted in a National Assembly of the Church to promote any reform in a spirit that is free from the blight of ecclesiasticism?

Will the House of Commons remain passive in the face of this danger, or will the House see to it that so long as the Church of England remains established by law, the lay control of Parliament shall be effective at all points and that nothing shall be permitted to derogate from the present right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council?—Yours, &c.,

H. F. WALKER.

Rylstone, St. Albans, November 4th.

## Poetry.

## THE FAUN THAT WENT TO WAR.

HE hid his hoof in an army shoe  
And he marched and marched and marched,  
He did the things they told him to do—  
Though the deep of his soul was parched  
For the drip of the stars, the morning dew,  
Yet he marched and marched and marched.

They told him the stars would drip no more  
Till he killed and killed and killed,  
So he left the ways that he loved before  
Where his leafy cup was filled  
And he threw it aside and he went to war  
And he killed and killed and killed.

WITTER BYNNER.

## A GLIMPSE.

A MELLOW lighted room, a swaying door,  
A bunch of faces, sawdust on the floor;  
Two instruments that tinkled like live birds;  
Scents of strange foods; and husky foreign words.  
So swift it passed we scarce had time to feel  
The scene's rare poignancy, nor know it real;  
A stabbing picture cameoed complete  
It flashed, then left the darkling Shadwell Street,—  
One of those gifts which gods to men address  
Immortal, beautiful and bodiless;  
Truer than truth, of ecstasy the whole,  
Shadow and echo, love of soul for soul.

JEAN GUTHRIE SMITH.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Merchantmen-at-Arms." By David Bone. Illustrated by Muirhead Bone. (Chatto & Windus. 25s.)  
 "The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon." (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Argonaut and Juggernaut." Poems. By Osbert Sitwell. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)  
 "Irish Impressions." By G. K. Chesterton (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "A Conflict of Opinion." A Discussion on the Failure of the Church. By Arthur Ponsonby. (Swarthmore Press. 6s. net.)

\* \* \*

NEW GUINEA has a second-hand name, and it induces no sort of attractive picture as does Celebes, or Sumatra, or Borneo. And, in fact, it is different in nature from them. It is not of their East Indian family. It has marsupials, not tigers. Its life is separated from theirs by a deep-sea gulf that was established when the chalk of our Surrey downs was ooze. Borneo, with its Dyak pirates and ourang-outangs, is wild enough, and it makes an enticing tropical background for romance. But New Guinea, next door to it, does not. It looks as though even the Malay sea-rovers knew it was different, for they seem to have avoided its coast as though it were something sinister. Men who were wrecked there never returned. And sinister, and not merely savage and dangerous, is the impression that we who merely read about strange lands have felt about New Guinea. What we have heard of its natives makes us feel we would much sooner stumble alone on a nest of Dyak pirates than on a New Guinea village, where the people seem to be moved by motives as unfathomable as those of creatures of another planet. That they resemble us in appearance only makes them the more strange. Yet New Guinea has several features which attract us whenever we see a new book about it. There are its central mountains, little more to us at present than distant clouds explorers have glimpsed, its birds of paradise, and its monstrous butterflies.

\* \* \*

OF recent books of travel, three deserve the attention of those who enjoy vicarious hardship and excitement. The one that most interested me was "Unexplored New Guinea," by W. H. Beaver (Seely, Service). The author, for many years a resident magistrate in the British region on the island (it is much too big to be called an island), was killed after taking his company through Polygon Wood in 1917. His book shows his quality. His temper was of the best; and his knowledge was the sound equipment which we expect of civil servants, whether of the East or at home, but never of our politicians. With his cool confidence and daring it enabled him to manage those volatile Papuans, though their reactions are so unexpected, in a way which, compared with the methods of some of our Ministers of State, was like conjuring with throwing stones through windows. His administrative duties among those erratic people, when inducing them to drop their head-hunting and reminiscences of cannibalism, for the planting of rice, tobacco, bananas, and coco-palms, could be called applied anthropology. His narrative makes first-rate reading, and he gives good pictures of that country, with its shores of steaming mud gloomed by mangrove and sago, its astonishing capacity for rain, and the dark upland country where every village is watchful all the time lest it should provide cheap meat for its neighbor.

\* \* \*

—BEAVER, when visiting those savages whose separate tiny communities are secluded beyond uncharted tidal lagoons, must have approached them feeling like Alice when she met another untested freak on the far side of the looking-glass. Their motives seem uncanny to us, for we could never have guessed them; their arguments are like the unrelated outbursts of lunatics; what they would do next no more to be anticipated than unforeseen accidents.

They do not live a simple life, by any means. Though they have not gone far along the road to civilization, they have almost as many taboos, totems, ghosts, and other inhibitions, as a high-caste European. The rituals of their ceremonies and festivals, though not so elaborate as ours, are just as inviolable, if a Papuan would keep his place in his society. The warrior who has killed, is, as only might be expected, in continual danger from the ghosts of those he has slain. Consequently, he must for a month refrain from intercourse with women, and eat no crabs, crocodile, sago, or pig. If he did, the ghosts would enter into his blood, and he would certainly die. As a further precaution against the power of the ghosts, food and a bowl of gamada are set aside and flung away with a warning to the dead to return to their own place. It seems reasonable. It reads very like what is devised, with the help of tradition and usage, wherever any body of men get together to formulate more rules for the simplification of humanity's troubles. If you had to live in a Papuan village, and could with unexpected luck dodge the infringement of a taboo which meant you must go at once into the communal flesh-pot, and keep going long enough to get the hang of it, no doubt the time would come when it would all seem as reasonable as the Poor Law, gas-masks, spiritualism, not going under ladders, great speeches by the Premier, lyddite, and the law of supply and demand. It all depends where you were brought up. After reading this cool and sympathetic narrative of a clever young administrator who was often startled and amused by Papuans, and himself died in the Passchendaele affair because of reasons that are now clearer to us than they were, we can regard New Guinea as being nearer and more homely than we thought. How much plainer we see many things since we had that purifying war!

\* \* \*

THE "Highlands of Central India," by Captain Forsyth, has been published by Chapman & Hall. This hunter's notes on those jungles, with their tribes and wild animals, make a delightful story of Indian sport sixty years ago. One wonders, when reading his yarns about tigers—he has a fascinating chapter devoted to the tiger—and other creatures in the land of which Seoni is the centre, whether Kipling ever fruitfully enjoyed his book. Captain Forsyth was the sort of sportsman who, when he was faced with a specially fine creature—he mentions one really black buck with white antlers—was apt to admire it for so long that he missed his chance, yet never was quite sure afterwards that he had been unlucky. He gives a lovely story of a famous tiger hunt in 1861, when the Governor-General was present. "I mounted sentry over that beast for nearly a week, girding him in a little hill with a belt of fires, and feeding him with nightly kine, till half a hundred elephants, carrying the cream of a vice-regal camp, swept him out into the plain, where he fell riddled by a storm of bullets from several hundred virgin rifles. He had the honor of being painted by Landseer, by the blaze of torchlight, under the shadow of the British Standard; and my howdah bore witness for many a day, in a bullet hole through both sides of it, to the accuracy of aim of some gallant member of the staff."

\* \* \*

MR. HUDSON STUCK, in his "Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries" (Werner Laurie) has much the hardest subject of these three travellers, for solitude and desolation are mainly his theme, and his success proves him easily the most accomplished writer. Whenever the figure of man enters his wilderness, Mr. Stuck makes the most of it; and his occasional asides on the ways of gold-miners, Indians, trappers, and "bad men," show how lucky for us it is that he had not the gusto for melodrama of Jack London. But the Far North, like the Far South, is a bleak subject, its pleasures austere and of the spirit, so that in all the library of travel literature there is not a volume on the Arctic which can be compared with scores that tell us of less picturesque but more comfortable climes.

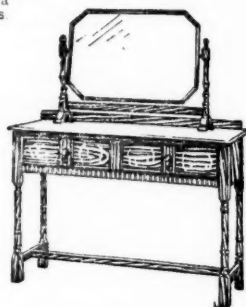
H. M. T.



5 ft. Oak Wardrobe, fitted two thirds as a hanging cupboard and one third shelves.  
Price: £27:10:0



3 ft. Cupboard Washstand.  
Price £10:10:0



3 ft. 9 in. Dressing Table, with loose Toilet Mirror.  
Price £14:14:0

### THE 'OVERTON' OAK BEDROOM SUITE.

WE quote separate prices here, but the 5 ft. Suite may be obtained complete with 2 chairs at

£55:9:0

## STANDARDIZED BEDROOM FURNITURE

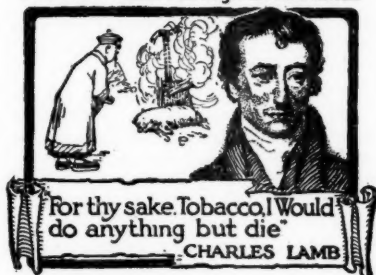
at Waring & Gillow's.

THIS Furniture expresses the traditions of more than two centuries of fine furniture-making: it is instinct with style and unassailable as to quality. Yet the high standard of organization in our Lancaster factories, and our vast resources permit of such low prices as are quoted here. The pieces may be had separately in four sizes of Wardrobes and Chests of Drawers, and two sizes in Washstands and Dressing Tables, and therefore you can make up your suite to suit your requirements—a great advance over the old method of Suites of Furniture of fixed sizes.

**WARING & GILLOW**  
*Furnishers & Decorators*  
*to H.M. the King*  
LTD.

164-180 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.  
Telephone: Museum 5000.

"The Sister of Literature-Tobacco"  
Prof Sir Walter Raleigh in the "Times"



## PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

"Pipe Perfect"

IN THREE STRENGTHS—

White Label.

9 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> d.

Per oz.

Mild and Medium.

10 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> d.

Per oz.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

F 793

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



BY  
APPOINTMENT.

## Warms and Cheers

Rowntree's Cocoa gives a warmth that lasts. It warms from within because the nourishment it contains helps to keep up the temperature of the body.

Rowntree's Cocoa for breakfast is just the thing for raw wintry mornings.

**Rowntree's**  
**ELECT Cocoa**

## Reviews.

## OUR GREAT POET.

"Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy." Vol. I. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

ONE meets fairly often with the critical opinion that Hardy's poetry is essentially a *parergon*. It is admitted on all sides that his poetry has curious merits of its own, but it is held to be completely subordinate to his main work, and those who, like the present writer, maintain that it must be considered as having equal standing with his prose, are not seldom treated as guilty of paradox and preciousness.

We are inclined to wonder, as we review the situation, whether those of the contrary persuasion are not allowing themselves to be impressed primarily by mere bulk, and arguing that a man's chief work must necessarily be what he has done most of; and we feel that some such supposition must be made to explain what appears to us as a visible reluctance to allow Hardy's poetry a clean impact upon the critical sensibility. It is true that we have ranged against us critics of real distinction, such as Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie and Mr. Robert Lynd, and that it may savor of actual impertinence to suggest that the case could have been unconsciously pre-judged in their minds when they addressed themselves to Hardy's poetry. Nevertheless, we find some significance in the fact that both these critics are of such an age that when they came to years of discretion the Wessex Novels were in existence as a *corpus*. There, before their eyes, was a monument of literary work having a unity unlike that of any contemporary author. The poems appeared only after they had laid the foundations of their judgment. For them Hardy's work was done. Whatever he might subsequently produce was an interesting, but to criticism an otiose appendix to his prose achievement.

It happens therefore that to a somewhat younger critic the perspective may be different. By the accident of years it would appear to him that Hardy's poetry was no less a *corpus* than his prose. They would be extended equally and at the same moment before his eyes; he would embark upon voyages of discovery into both at roughly the same time; and he might find, in total innocence of preciousness and paradox, that the poetry would yield up to him on occasion essential quality of perfume not less essential than any that he could extract from the prose.

This is, as we see it, the case with ourselves. We discover all that our elders discover in Hardy's novels; we see more than they in his poetry. In our minds it exists superbly in its own right; it is not lifted into significance by the glorious substructure of the novels. They also are complete in themselves. We recognize the relation between the achievements, and discern that they are the work of a single mind; but they are separate works, having separate and unique excellences. The one is only approximately explicable in terms of the other. We are inclined, therefore, to attach a signal importance to what has always seemed to us the most interesting sentence in "Who's Who?"—namely, that in which Hardy confesses that in 1868 he was compelled—that is his own word—to give up writing poetry for prose.

For Hardy's poetic gift is not a late and freakish flowering. In this wonderful volume into which has been gathered all his poetical work with the exception of "The Dynasts," are pieces bearing the date 1866 which display an astonishing mastery, not merely of technique, but of the essential content of great poetry. Nor are such pieces exceptional. Granted that Hardy has retained only the finest of his early poetry, still there are a dozen poems of 1866-7 which belong either entirely or in part to the category of major poetry. Take, for instance, "Neutral Tones":—

"We stood by a pond that winter day,  
And the sun was white, as though chidden of God,  
And a few leaves lay on the starving sod;  
—They had fallen from an ash, and were gray.

"Your eyes on me were as eyes that rove  
Over tedious riddles long ago;  
And some winds played between us to and fro  
On which lost the more by our love,

"The smile on your mouth was the dearest thing  
Alive enough to have strength to die;  
And a grin of bitterness swept thereby  
Like an ominous bird a-wing. . . .

"Since then keen lessons that love deceives  
And wings with wrong, have shaped to me  
Your face, and the God-curst sun, and a tree  
And a pond edged with grayish leaves."

That was written in 1867. The date of "Desperate Remedies," Hardy's first novel, was 1871. "Desperate Remedies" may have been written some years before. It makes no difference to the astonishing contrast between the immaturity of the novel and the maturity of the poem. It is surely impossible in the face of such a juxtaposition then to deny that Hardy's poetry exists in its own individual right, and not as a curious simulacrum of his prose.

These early poems have other points of deep interest, of which one of the chief is in a sense technical. One can trace a quite definite influence of Shakespeare's sonnets in his language and imagery. The four sonnets "She to Him" (1866) are full of echoes, as

"Numb as a vane that cankers on its point  
True to the wind that kissed ere canker came."

or this from another sonnet of the same year:—

"As common chests encasing wares of price  
Are borne with tenderness through halls of state."

Yet no one reading the sonnets of these years can fail to mark the impress of an individual personality. The effect is, at times, curious and impressive in the extreme. We almost feel that Hardy is bringing some physical compulsion to bear on Shakespeare and forcing him to say something that he does not want to say. Of course, it is merely a curious tweak of the fancy; but there comes to us in such lines as the following an insistent vision of two youths of an age, the one masterful, the other indulgent, and carrying out his companion's firm suggestion:—

"Remembering mine the loss is, not the blame  
That Sportsman Time rears but his brood to kill,  
Knowing me in my soul the very same—  
One who would die to spare you touch of ill!—  
Will you not grant to old affection's claim  
The hand of friendship down Life's sunless hill?"

But, fancies aside, the effect of these early poems is twofold. Their attitude is definite:—

"Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain  
And dicing time for gladness calls a moan . . .  
These purblind Doomsters had as readily thrown  
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain."

and the technique has the mark of mastery, a complete economy of statement which produces the conviction that the words are saying only what poet ordained they should say, neither less nor more.

The early years were followed by the long period of the novels, in which, we have no doubt, poetry was actually if not in intention a *parergon*. It is the grim truth that poetry cannot be written in between times; and, though we have hardly any dates on which to rely, we are willing to believe that few of Hardy's characteristic poems were written between the appearance of "Desperate Remedies" and his farewell to the activity of novel-writing with "The Well-Beloved" (1897). But the few dates which we have tell us that "Thoughts of Phenix," the beautiful poem beginning:—

"Not a line of her writing have I,  
Not a thread of her hair . . ."

which reaches forward to the amazing love poems of 1912-13, was written in 1890.

Whether the development of Hardy's poetry was concealed or visible during the period of the novels, development there was into a maturity so overwhelming that by its touchstone the poetical work of his famous contemporaries appears singularly jejune and false. But, though by the accident of social conditions—for that Hardy waited till 1898 to publish his first volume of poems is more a social than an artistic fact—it is impossible to follow out the phases of his poetical progress with the detail we would desire, it is impossible not to recognize that the mature poet Hardy is of the same poetical substance as the young poet of the 'sixties. The attitude is unchanged; the modifications of the theme of "crass casualty" leave its central asseveration unchanged. There are restatements, enlargements of perspective, a slow and forceful expansion of the personal into the universal, but the truth once recognized is never suffered for a moment to

## The House of Cassell

(READY NOV. 16th.)

## IN THE WORLD WAR

BY

COUNT CZERNIN (Late Austrian Minister  
for Foreign Affairs)

With 4 Half Tone Plates.

Medium 8vo.

25s. net.

THIS is a book of momentous interest, which will not only create an enormous sensation abroad, but be the book of the hour in England. It is a human document frankly and sincerely written. This work will count very highly among those who are in a position to judge.

(READY NOV. 13th.)

A Distinguished Work of more than ordinary interest at the present moment. Special care has been taken to ensure that the Coloured Illustrations shall be faithful in every detail. The Text is written in a manner at once interesting, and with minute care. An authoritative work on this subject.

## The CROWN JEWELS of ENGLAND

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE YOUNGHUSBAND,  
K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B., and CYRIL DAVENPORT, F.S.A.

A most Beautiful and Sumptuous Work. Royal 4to. Illustrated with 18 Magnificent Colour Plates. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Limited and Numbered Edition of 1,500 copies, of which 1,000 only are for sale in the British Empire—900 copies, Cloth Bound, at £3 3s. net each, 100 Edition de Luxe, printed on hand-made paper and bound in full morocco, gilt edges, at £10 10s. net each.

(READY NOV. 13th.)

## MORE SEA FIGHTS OF THE GREAT WAR

INCLUDING THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

A Pictorial Record of the Second Year of the War by W. L. WYLLIE, R.A.,  
with Explanatory and Descriptive Text by C. OWEN and W. D. KIRKPATRICK

110 pages text.

Cloth; Crown 4to.

24 Plates in Colour.

28 Black-and-White Illustrations.

Price 15s. net.

THE great success of Mr. Wyllie's "Sea Fights," which dealt with the first nine months of the Naval part of the Great War, justifies the hope of a like success for this further volume, which relates to the second year of the War. The Battle of Jutland figures, of course, very largely in the story, and now that the censorship does not operate Mr. Wyllie will have much to tell that has hitherto been suppressed. All his pictures of the great fight are based on descriptions given him by officers who actually participated in the engagement.

CASSELL'S  
NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Edited by E. A. BAKER, M.A., D.Litt.

(Director of the University of London School of Librarianship)

1,316 pages.

6s. net.

CASSELL'S have always been favourably known for their Dictionaries. The present volume will certainly add to their reputation for this class of work. It is an entirely new compilation, and not a mere reissue or new edition of any existing book. It is claimed that for its size and price it is more comprehensive, more up to date, and more conveniently arranged than any English Dictionary yet published.

## First Class Popular Fiction.

7/- net each. At all Booksellers and Libraries.

The Tidal Wave  
The Veldt Trail  
An Awfully Big Adventure  
Mrs. Marden  
The Pagoda Tree  
Star of India  
Sheepskins and Grey Russet  
On Great Waters  
The Doctor of Pimlico  
The Man Who Broke the Rule  
Second Youth  
Tamarisk Town (2nd Impression)  
Jeremy (5th Impression)  
Dope (4th Impression)

ETHEL M. DELL  
GERTRUDE PAGE  
"BARTIMEUS"  
ROBERT HICHENS  
B. M. CROKER  
ALICE PERRIN  
E. TEMPLE THURSTON  
FRANK H. SHAW  
WILLIAM LE QUEUX  
MAY EDGINTON  
WARWICK DEEPING  
SHEILA KAYE-SMITH  
HUGH WALPOLE  
SAX ROHMER

Cassell's "Book Talk" will be sent on application, post free

Cassell &amp; Co., Ltd., London, E.C. 4.

be hidden or mollified. Only a superficial logic would point, for instance, to his

"Wonder if Man's consciousness  
Was a mistake of God's,"

as a denial of "casualty." To envisage an accepted truth from a new angle, to turn it over and over again in the mind in the hope of finding some aspect which might accord with a large and general view is the inevitable movement of any mind that is alive and not dead. To say that Hardy has finally discovered unity may be paradoxical; but it is true. The harmony of the artist is not as the harmony of the preacher or the philosopher. Neither would grant, neither would understand the nature of the profound acquiescence that lies behind "Adonais" or the "Ode to the Grecian Urn." Such acquiescence has no moral quality, as morality is even now understood, nor any logical compulsion. It does not stifle anger nor deny anguish; it turns no smiling face upon unsmiling things; it is not puffed up with the resonance of futile heroics. It accepts the things that are as the necessary basis of artistic creation. This unity which comes of the instinctive refusal in the great poet to deny experience, and subdues the self into the whole as part of that which is not denied, is to be found in every corner of Hardy's mature poetry. It gives, as it alone can really give, to personal emotion what is called the impersonality of great poetry. We feel it as a sense of background, a conviction that a given poem is not the record, but the culmination of an experience, and that the experience of which it is the culmination is far larger and more profound than the one which it seems to record.

At the back of great poetry lies an all-embracing realism, an adequacy to all experience, a refusal of the merely personal in exultation or dismay. Take the contrast between Rupert Brooke's deservedly famous lines: "There is some corner of a foreign field . . ." and Hardy's "Drummer Hodge":—

"Yet portion of that unknown plain  
Will Hodge for ever be;  
His homely Northern heart and brain  
Grow to some Southern tree,  
And strange-eyed constellations reign  
His stars eternally."

We know which is the truer. Which is the more beautiful? Is it not Hardy? And which (strange question) is the more consoling, the more satisfying, the more acceptable? Is it not Hardy? There is sorrow, but it is the sorrow of the spheres. And this, not the apparent anger and dismay of a self's discomfiture, is the quality of greatness in Hardy's poetry. The Hardy of the love poems of 1912-13 is not a man giving way to memory in poetry; he is a great poet uttering the cry of the universe. That is not rhetoric. A vast range of acknowledged experience returns to weight each syllable; it is the quality of life that is vocal, gathered into a moment of time with a vista of years:—

"Ignorant of what there is flitting here to see,  
The waked birds preen and the seals flop lazily,  
Soon you will have, Dear, to vanish from me,  
For the stars close their shutters and the Dawn whitens  
hazily.  
Trust me, I mind not, though Life lours  
The bringing me here; nay, bring me here again!  
I am just the same as when  
Our days were a joy and our paths through flowers."

#### THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

"The Redemption of Religion." By CHARLES GARDNER.  
(Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS book shares to the full the great modernist characteristic of being extremely difficult to understand. The apparent simplicity with which it is written makes this the more irritating. What the writer says is plain enough, what he deduces, or the position he manages to hold in spite of what he says, is extremely puzzling. He first re-writes the New Testament story "trusting mainly to St. Mark's Gospel, to St. Matthew and to St. Luke merely for supplementary touches, to St. John not at all." He then examines the witness of the rest of the New Testament to this figure of Jesus as left us by criticism, discusses the "Gospel of the Kingdom" which He is said to have proclaimed, and in the light of this attempts a re-statement of all the great Christian doctrines. The writer no doubt

considers himself as pleading the cause of "Life" as against "Religion," but what strikes one in his whole book is an academic remoteness and superciliousness in considering the real concrete needs and sufferings of ordinary men. This comes out very strongly in the discussion of the whole question of miracles. The ordinary man wants a sign, a sign that is of the Being and the Love of God. A miracle is such a sign. If a miracle has never taken place at any time, there has been no sign given. In the face of life and nature as we know them, the demand that we should believe without a sign is something perfectly staggering. With regard to the Gospel miracles a more or less rationalistic explanation is, of course, given, but the sick people seem to be blamed for wanting to be cured. Our Lord's great desire was to avoid miracles, but the people thrust miracles upon Him:—

"This episode set the whole of Galilee talking, and threatened to stir up the vulgar appetite for miracles. People with all kinds of sickness and disease were brought to Him, and the situation became perplexing. If His fame as a healer spread, His whole time would be taken up in healing, His mission would suffer, and He would be known throughout the land as a miracle-monger. . . . Lest an unholy desire for more miracles should be created, He enjoined strict secrecy. . . . The news spread like scandal. By the evening the whole city was at His door, clamoring for a touch of His Hand, that the sick might be healed. And so the thing He wished to avoid had happened. . . . Since there was no good to be gained by returning to a crowd who valued Him for His miraculous healing power, He determined to go to another town where there would be no interruption to His quiet preaching of repentance. . . . Like the rest, the leper blazed it abroad, and He was driven to make one more futile attempt to escape. . . ."

How much more human and sympathetic an atmosphere is that in which the Evangelist writes, "When the even was come they brought unto Him all that were possessed of devils, and He cast out the spirits with His word and healed all that were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, Himself took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses."

Here is our author's account of the storm on the lake:—

"While crossing, a sudden storm broke over the sea, which filled the disciples with terror, and they unceremoniously awoke Him from His much needed sleep with the words, 'Master, carest Thou not that we perish?' Jesus arose and pacified them, and the storm passed as suddenly as it came. Jesus, who had fondly hoped that at least His chosen disciples would understand, found that after all His careful explanations of the mystery of the Kingdom, they were still without faith, and ready as ever again to thrust a miracle upon Him."

Again, concerning Jairus' daughter we are told:—

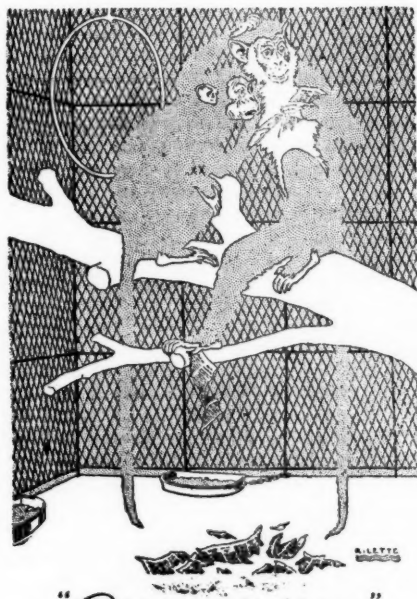
"Whether she was really dead or not, they believed that she was: and Jesus enjoined strict silence, for the report that He had wrought the stupendous miracle of raising the dead was not at all what He wanted."

Once more, there were surely never words uttered by man laden with such an intensity of pathos as those of the Apostle St. Philip: "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." Yet Mr. Gardner describes them as "the demand of the natural man for a bodily sight of God." Still pursuing the desire for miracles with an amusing vehemence, he tells us that "a vulgar thirst for marvels consumes unredeemed man, but the greatest man will not pander to this lust."

But what do all people want, redeemed or unredeemed? The Apostles wanted not to be drowned. The women and children in Kronstadt at the present time want the English bombs not to fall upon them. The Russian soldiers in their vulgar thirst for miracle want to escape being choked by our poison gas. The boy going over the top wants not to be killed. All these in their desperate need want a real helper, or rather they want the sign from which they may infer a helper. What does a baby want? Not so much its mother as warmth, comfort, shelter, the breast. "Mother" is afterwards understood as the endeared and worshipped figure implying all these things. These are the things Man wants. Nay, in His identification of Himself with Man they are the things God wants (for a God in some way identified with Man is the only God we or anybody can believe in). "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye came unto me, in prison and ye visited me."

Mr. Gardner is very dogmatic, though it is difficult to see what he bases his dogmas upon. He tells us

**POPE & BRADLEY**  
Sole Proprietors H. Dennis Bradley  
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors



"Conscription"

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Original Jazz," "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour 17" by 12" at 1s. each.

## MOURNFUL FOR MONKEYS.

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

My playful philosophies are never remarkable for tolerance towards Old Men. And being true to my generation I censure the futilities of Age as pungently as I shall criticise the follies of Youth when I grow old, if ever. This is one of the joys of being Irish.

We are perpetually threatened with a New World, although, early 1914 wasn't a bad one. To add to the horrors of our butterless Peace, it is claimed by Dr. Veronoff that the grafting of the interstitial gland of the monkey on an old man will bring back his exhausted force and lost youth, and restore his physical and moral vigour.

The experiments have proved wonderful. A decrepid ram, equal in age to a man of seventy, underwent rejuvenation and pranced about with youthful joy. Deprived of the grafted glands the ram returned to its senile condition. Which was, of course, rather rough on the ram. The possibilities are boundless.

It will be inspiring to see our Cabinet Ministers on a spring morning gaily tangoing down Downing Street and ecstatically humming amorous love songs. And when they break their pledges, we shall deprive them of their monkey glands and let them return to their previously unpleasant condition—which was the fate of the poor ram.

And when the Old Men start their next glorious war, Youth will conscript all monkeys. Then the newly glanded Old shall have the privilege to be the first to prance "over the top" with starry eyes. Let us hope there will be no monkey shortage.

Another experiment of Dr. Veronoff was the grafting of the thyroid body taken from a monkey to an idiot boy. Two years later he joined the Army. Oh, Mars, was this a proof of sanity?

From the scientific point of view the discovery is absorbing. I shall welcome the physical rejuvenation of our Old Men, even though their monkeyfied mentality of necessity remains unchanged.

At present Pope and Bradley's clientele entirely consists of young and virile men. The styles of the House are not suited to elderly or obese figures. Grafted glands may, however, create a new connection. Meanwhile, prices still defy a Profiteering Tribunal. Lounge Suits, from £10 10s. Dinner suits, from £14 14s. Overcoats, from £10 10s

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY  
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &  
145 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

The Natural Foe to Gout, Rheumatism,  
Obesity, Constipation, and Dyspepsia is

## Chelspa

The Cheltenham Natural Aperient Water  
In Bottles 1/6 each. From Chemists & Stores.

THE ARTS LEAGUE OF SERVICE — Autumn Lectures.

**MODERN TENDENCIES IN ART**

at 8.45 p.m. at The Conference Hall, Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W.1

Tuesday, October 28th.—"Poetry."

Chairman: Laurence Binyon. Lecturer: T. S. Elliot.

Wednesday, November 12th.—"Dancing."

Lecturer: Margaret Morris.

Thursday, November 27th.—"Music." Lecturer: Eugene Goossens.

Single tickets, 5s. each (Members fifty per cent. reduction), apply Arts League of Service, 1, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.2 (Tel. No.: Regent 779).

For cleaning Silver Electro Plate &c.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6" 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

**AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO**

IDEAL RESIDENCE. RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.  
Sun Lounge. Turkish Baths. Massage. Lift.

## Read

the articles on

## BOLSHEVIK POETRY

By JOHN CURNOS

and

## The FUTURE IN EGYPT

By the Hon. W. ORMSBY GORE, M.P.

in this week's

# New Europe

6<sup>d</sup>.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LTD.

9, East Harding Street, E.C.4.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

that "Jesus did not often preach himself, but always the Kingdom," and that "unbelief in himself did not greatly trouble him," but that unbelief in "his message of the Kingdom" did. (Surely, by the way, this is to confine oneself very rigidly to St. Mark.) Yet "at once we detect elements of illusion in his expectation." At the same time we are told that "illusion is a mode of truth, and one of God's great means of revealing His mind to His creatures." The Kingdom of God, of course, is within us, but was there not also in Christ's mind the expectation of an outward expression of it? This, Mr. Gardner says, did not come. In its place came the Church:—

"Truly, Jesus stood at the beginning of the New Age, but when it was fully born and ran its course, it was quite unlike what He had imagined. It saw the rise of a great organized Church, marvellous alike in her greatness and her sins, her tenderness, her relentlessness, her arrogance, which has been a haven of rest for baffled and bewildered souls, and the greatest drag on every forward movement of the human spirit. But the Kingdom has not yet come."

Still, finding ourselves in the Church we have to carry on the teaching and work of the Kingdom. Mr. Gardner holds that the rock on which Christianity is built "is not the doctrine of Incarnation but the living Jesus," and that the Evangelists starting from this actual human Person "worked backwards and forwards, and this gives us the light in which we are to regard St. Luke's beautiful stories of the Nativity and the later stories given by all the Evangelists of the Resurrection and the Ascension." "The Christ is for us a wholly spiritual conception, but Jesus by his life has given it a world-wide significance." Whereas Jesus is the name of an historical Person, the Christ is his symbolical designation. The truth that Jesus is God is better understood symbolically than in the letter. The resurrection is involved in Jesus' doctrine of the Kingdom. But necessarily it is not central. His reported sayings about it are fragmentary, and in approaching it we get on to more debatable ground. What really happened does not greatly matter, and his resurrection is not related to ours as cause to effect. In fact nothing is left but the doctrine of the Kingdom which has not yet come, and in our own expectation of which we must discard the apocalyptic vesture in which Christ clothed it.

One may be no modernist and at the same time have a modern mind. We may frankly admit that much of the apocalyptic and eschatological teaching of the Gospels appears a tangled skein impossible to unravel. We cannot tell what was intended to be conveyed or through what a haze of traditional conceptions it may have been misunderstood or misreported. But surely one can believe that the Church has been guided to preserve everything that is essential in the Creed. Again it is impossible not to see that the work of the Kingdom is carried on in the world, largely independently of, often in actual hostility to the Church. The Kingdom of God for us at this time means pre-eminently Internationalism, Co-operation, Peace. Let us take some European names at random: Anatole France, Henri Barbusse, Romain Rolland, Selma Lagerlof, Benedetto Croce, Bertrand Russell, Thomas Hardy. One knows very well on which side they will be in all matters connected with the War and the Peace. It goes without saying that minds of this calibre are Liberals. But there is, to say the least, by no means the same certainty that they will be Christians. Are they therefore to be looked upon as anti-Christian? They are rather the revolutionaries who are Christians at heart. Those who are still Christians in faith may well turn from such books as Mr. Gardner's, say, to Dean Church's magnificent sermon on "The Kingdom of God." The gist of it is this: "God has shown us the very King Himself." Because of that, its Heart and Centre, they may still believe in the existence of the Kingdom as an invisible but most real world.

CURÉ DE CAMPAGNE.

#### A NEW-FASHIONED HUMANIST.

"The Philosophy of Conflict, and Other Essays in War Time." By HAVELOCK ELLIS. (Constable. 6s. 6d. net.)

ESSAYS, as a rule, should be written by old men. The form does not permit of the long disquisitions dear to youth; theories cannot be developed nor arguments conducted except dog-

matically; the manner and not the matter of an essay is the true measure of its importance. We require to have at least the illusion that a lifetime of thought and experience is compressed into these few mellow pages, that such learning as the author has gathered has been sublimated into wisdom. There is something of this quality in the essays of Mr. Havelock Ellis. He sometimes argues, it is true, but always with that experienced indulgence which appears to impatient youth as laziness. Usually he is occupied in rambling amongst authors who have attracted him, social and philosophical speculations that have occurred to him, and some of the more amusing facts of certain branches of science. In the present volume we find all these interests. A considerable part of the book deals with theories and facts that bear on sex, there are a number of essays in literary criticism, and a few on quasi-philosophical speculations suggested by the war. The mind that is revealed to us is, in essence, thoroughly modern. Mr. Ellis has the modern fastidiousness, the modern recoil from sweeping statements and clear-cut alternatives. Faced with a black-and-white diagram of the world he gently asks whether the boundaries are not really indeterminate, and whether these violent alternations of shade are not better replaced by a uniform grey. Anything which confers an illegitimate clarity on the confused reality is the subject of his placid insinuations. All the war-time simplifications are particularly distasteful to him; he has the feelings that, during the war, his delicate recording apparatus was abandoned in favor of those clumsy machines, seen at fairs, which divide mankind into two classes; those who can, and those who cannot, ring the bell. In some cases he goes further and points out that there is no bell to ring. Nationality, for instance, is to him a non-existent dividing line:—

"It is difficult even for a thoughtfully patriotic Frenchman to cry, 'Vive la France!' when he reflects that the Franks, after all, were merely a horde of barbarous Boches, whose proper home lay beyond the Rhine, though he may seek his *revanche* in the fact that that sacred German river bears a name which is not German at all, but, as some German scholars themselves admit, perhaps Celtic."

And while suburban patriots are busily erasing "Berlin Roads" from their street directories, he points out the "atrociously Teutonic" character of the name "England."

In another essay he points out that "victory" is not an intelligent war aim; that, in point of fact, neither animals nor men ever fight for victory, but for some such definite object as self-preservation. He is inclined to think that victory, in itself, is always harmful to the victor, and he gives interesting historical examples in support of this contention. He will not even pass the phrase that the war is a relapse into savagery. The evidence, he comments, shows that savages are not, and never have been, warlike. It is evident that, during the war, the English Press, of all shades of opinion, must have been even more exasperating to Mr. Ellis than it was to most intelligent people.

But Mr. Ellis is not concerned only to dissect the somewhat obvious confusions necessary to engender war-time patriotism; he grows interested in the subject for its own sake; his very considerable learning enables him to turn the subject about, as it were, to pat it and prod it and show us more clearly what it is we are dealing with. His essay on Civilization is a good example of his method. He placidly rejects one definition after another, and then takes us for a little journey through the ages and round the world. At the end we do not see civilization as a term to be defined, but as a great confused human effort, and if the effort seems to be directed towards nothing in particular, that is the last convincing proof of its thoroughly human character. Mr. Ellis, in truth, much prefers a broad survey to close analysis. He will analyze, where necessary, but he finds it a rather tiresome method of progression; in describing the country he uses the methods of the trigonometrical survey as little as possible; he is, by nature, a balloonist. In his opening essay, "Europe," the balloon ascends to a great height. In six pages we are given a picture of the multitudinous activities of Europe seen against a background of world history. It is very well done; it proves nothing, it has no moral, it has no relations with anything else. Mr. Ellis has merely gone up in his balloon for the fun of it. This essay indicates, what the rest of the book confirms, that Mr. Ellis is much more of an artist than a man of science. Even in the essays which profess to be scientific, such as those on Eugenics and Psycho-

## LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER AND PARR'S BANK LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

Chairman: WALTER LEAF, Esq.

Deputy-Chairmen:

SIR MONTAGU TURNER, R. HUGH TENNANT, Esq.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL -	£33,000,000
PAID-UP CAPITAL -	8,503,718
RESERVE -	8,750,000

(30th June 1919).

Current, Deposit and other Accounts £308,395,000

HEAD OFFICE: 41, LOTHBURY, E.C.2.

Joint General Managers:

F. J. BARTHORPE, J. C. ROBERTSON, W. H. INSKIP.

FOREIGN BRANCH OFFICE: 82, CORNHILL, E.C.3.

### BELGIAN BRANCHES:

ANTWERP - 41, Place de Meir.  
BRUSSELS - 114 & 116, Rue Royale.

### SPANISH BRANCHES:

BARCELONA - Paseo de Gracia 8 & 10.  
BILBAO - Gran Via 9.  
MADRID - Avenida del Conde de Penalver, 21 & 23.

### AFFILIATED IN FRANCE:

LONDON COUNTY & WESTMINSTER BANK (PARIS), LTD

PARIS - 22, Place Vendôme.  
BORDEAUX - 22 and 24, Cours de l'Intendance.  
LYONS - 37, Rue de la République.  
MARSEILLES - 31, Rue Paradis.  
NANTES - 6, Rue La Fayette.

### AFFILIATED IN IRELAND:

ULSTER BANK LIMITED.

All Cheques on the Ulster Bank will be collected for Customers of this Bank, free of Commission.

The Bank is represented by Branches or Agents in all the Principal Cities and Towns of the United Kingdom and has Correspondents throughout the World.

EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE DUTIES UNDERTAKEN.

## Captain Herbert Heyner

writes:—"I find smoking in no way affects my voice, thanks to the 'smoothness' of your excellent 'De Reszke' Cigarettes."

Max Dzwowski, Esq. writes:—"Your 'De Reszke' American Cigarettes are a cool soothing smoke, and, unlike most brands I have tried, do not irritate the throat."

Miss Percival Allen writes:—"I have great pleasure in telling you how much I appreciate the really delicious 'De Reszke' Cigarettes. They surely are the nicest cigarettes!"

PEOPLE who know a good cigarette say "De Reszkes" are unusually good. Why not try a box?

**"De Reszke"**  
The Aristocrat of CIGARETTES

Sold at all Tobacconists, Stores, and Military Cantines.



P	A
<b>A PEACE RISK.</b> Who is carrying your death Risk? Is it your Family? or a Life Assurance Office? <b>WHY NOT LET THE PRUDENTIAL CARRY IT?</b>	
C	L.A.

ADVICE WORTH HAVING on Assurance and Annuities can only be obtained from one unfettered by financial relations with any Insurance Company. It repays its cost time and again. Read "Assurance and Annuities" post free from "Scrutator," 34, Eldon Chambers, Fleet Street, E.C.4.



## Intelligent Economy and the Government Housing Scheme

WE must have 500,000 new houses—this is imperative, and if we are not to become a bankrupt nation we must economize—this also is imperative.

There are two kinds of economy: the first is necessitated by the thriftlessness and thoughtlessness of the past; it indicates want of balance and it is often effected by meanness and cheeseparing. This kind of economy galls and irritates and by the friction it produces it is wasteful and so defeats its own end. But there is an economy which is based upon thrift and forethought: this, by careful planning, foresees and avoids waste whilst allowing generously for essential needs.

By exercising forethought we can, whilst increasing the comfort of our new houses, save £30 in building costs on each house erected. This means on 500,000 houses a saving of £15,000,000 of the public money. By installing from the outset gas fires in the place of coal grates, not only do we ensure a more economical use of coal—a question of national importance—but by inserting a small flue outlet inside the wall and eliminating the unnecessary chimney stack we save the cost of bricks and mortar, the floor space of the rooms is increased by abolishing the unnecessary protruding chimney breasts and the recurring expense of removing soot and other dirt, the product of the coal fire, is avoided. At the same time the house will be more comfortable, more sanitary, and less laborious to work.

For further information apply to the Secretary—

## THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION

47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. 1

who will forward post free on request a pamphlet on Gas  
Fires and Economy in Building.

X96

Analysis, the method is purely literary and not in the least scientific. It is this very fact that has enabled Mr. Ellis to write one of the best descriptions of Freud's works that has yet been written, for Freud himself is more of an artist than he is a man of science, and his secret can be better grasped by a fellow artist. Jung, again, lends himself quite well to this literary criticism. Speaking of Jung's "Transformation and Symbols of Libido," Mr. Ellis says:—

"In this luxuriant jungle of philosophy and philology Jung wanders with random and untrained steps, throwing out brilliant suggestions here and there, hazarding the declaration that 'the soul is all libido,' and that 'sexuality itself is only a symbol,' conveying the general impression of a strayed metaphysician vainly seeking for the Absolute."

This is good criticism, but it is not scientific criticism. Yet Mr. Ellis's literary criticism shows that he is not primarily a literary critic. He can present a writer to us with considerable, but not with complete success. The writer's environment, his historical position, the events of his life, and his more obvious appetites and emotions are given clearly enough. What we miss in this criticism is that quality of the writer which we feel to be completely individual to him. What Mr. Ellis sees is there, but it is not all that is there or even the most essential part of it. We sometimes feel that his descriptions would apply with almost equal felicity to somebody else who is, in fact, essentially different.

In this age of specialists we find something charming in Mr. Ellis's lack of the deadly and narrow competence we have come to expect. There is a sense in which he is old-fashioned in his modernism. He is the old type of humanist in a new dress. He is not a leader in either literature or science; he is a commentator on both. And because his interests are broad and keen, his learning considerable, and his style charming, he is always well worth reading.

J. W. N. S.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

**"My Five-Acre Holding."** By METCALFE FEW. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

Nor many books on small farming tell the land aspirant just what he wants to know and no more. Mr. Few's is an exception. He does not describe the effect of the sunset on his cultivator, nor give misleading information about the habits of the honey-bee. He keeps to the business of how to obtain and cultivate a small piece of land, and the profitable disposal of the crops. On his five acres in Essex he grew fruit, flowers, and vegetables, and made his work pay. His hints on the fruit trees to buy and the way to plant and prune them, and on the growing of vegetables, will be valuable not only to the small-holder, but to the man who has only an allotment or a back garden to cultivate. Mr. Few was once a farm laborer. In his spare time he worked a few roods of ground on his own account. He saved sufficient money to buy five acres, and now has a forty acre holding near Braintree. There is an attractive naïveté in the telling of his story, and in his last chapter he is almost rapturous about the wonderful things that come from the soil. It is to be hoped that his enthusiasm will fire others, but we doubt that they will meet with all his success, for it is evident that abnormal ability as well as much physical endurance went to the making of Mr. Few's holding.

**"The English Rock Garden."** By REGINALD FARRER. Two volumes. (Jack. £3 3s.)

It is surely impossible for anyone to know more about rock gardens, on at least the Alpine side of them, than Mr. Farrer. He has gone as far as the mountains of Western China in search of new flowers for them. No big-game hunter after record heads ever immolated himself with greater enthusiasm than does Mr. Farrer when after a new *Primula*. These volumes contain monographs, for all practical purposes, of a few large genera, *Dianthus*, *Primula*, and *Saxifraga*; and the author's hot temper over men like Ruskin, who have tried to invent folk-names as substitutes for such beautiful words, for example, as *Campanula*, introduces into his science a certain sportive feeling which carries even a layman over many rocks in his garden. The

work is, indeed, the last word on flowers for the rock garden. It is indispensable for the specialist. But perhaps the best part of it are the references to the hunt for rare species—such as the description of one which "haunts only the sunless chimes of granite and limestone precipices at great elevation in the Da-Tung Alps."

**"To Kiel in the 'Hercules.'"** By LEWIS R. FREEMAN. (Murray. 6s.)

MR. FREEMAN accompanied the Naval Commission which was sent to Germany after the Armistice to inspect naval bases and Zeppelin sheds, to see that the terms had been carried out. It is fair to expect of the latest additions to the mountainous stock of war books that they should possess some distinctive quality of narration and observation. Sentences like the following (describing a German pilot) flow from Mr. Freeman's bright pen: "His corded bull-neck was crowned with the prognathous-jawed head of a gorilla, with a countenance that might well have been a composite of the saturnine phizzes of Trotsky and Liebknecht." There is much more of this kind of descriptive work. As for his gift of observation, it would appear that our blockade has been a failure. There has been no starvation in Germany. He saw no signs of it "in the German ships or dockyards, we did not see them that day at Wilhelmshaven, and we were not destined to see them in Bremen, Hamburg, Kiel, or anywhere else." Certainly, he was not "destined" to see starving people at Bremen and Hamburg, because, as he shows later in the book, he did not visit those places, but he relies upon what was told to him by a member of the Commission who found the food at the Atlantic Hotel, Hamburg, ample and not unappetising.

**"India's Nation Builders."** By D. N. BANERJEA. (Headley. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is curious that no writer, either English or Indian, so far should have thought it worth while to produce a book recording and interpreting, for Western readers, the achievements of the many remarkable men who have earned the title of Indian nation-builders. Mr. Banerjea has had the idea, but he has not applied it very successfully. It would, for example, be difficult for anyone not familiar with modern movements in India to make out, from what he tells us, who and what Dayanand and Vivekananda and Gokhale were, or Tilak and Gandhi are, and what their respective conceptions of India and its destiny have been. In his introduction Mr. Banerjea attempts an answer to Mr. William Archer's sceptical analysis of the claims made on behalf of the Indian past. This is a mistake in tactics: for, first, Mr. Banerjea is not qualified to cross swords with a rationalist thinker of Mr. Archer's weight, and, secondly, the pages give a needlessly controversial opening to the book.

**"Chorousek's Games of Chess."** By PHILIP W. SERGEANT. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

CHOROUSEK was a Hungarian who died of consumption in his twenty-sixth year, after eleven years of chess tournament play. He competed at the International Tournament in 1896, when he came out twelfth; at the second in Budapest, when he tied for first and second prizes with Tchigorin, who was more than double his age; at a small but select tournament in Berlin in 1897, when he was second; at the eleventh Congress of the German Chess Association, when he beat Tchigorin and made no fewer than 14½ points; in a competition with Maroczy, Exner, and Harasi, which he won; at the Imperial Jubilee Tournament at Vienna, and so on, until his disease struck him down. Though he never competed with Jose Capablanca he beat Lasker, and has been compared favorably with Morphy. He was, in fact, one of those meteoric geniuses the chess world occasionally throws up. This useful book contains a collection of 146 games played by him, with annotations.

**"Three Years with the 9th (Scottish) Division."** By Lieut.-Colonel W. D. CROFT. (Murray. 9s.)

THE author was first a battalion commander and later a brigade commander. His book is not a history of the 9th Division, but the personal notes of one confining himself to

## THE PHOENIX

A Society for the presentation of Old Plays

### Programme for the First Season.

First production on Nov. 23rd and 24th.

#### Webster's "The Duchess of Malfi"

The cast will include Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, Miss Edith Evans, Mr. Robert Farquharson, Mr. Nicholas Hannen, Mr. William J. Rea and Mr. Ion Swinley.

Second Production:—

#### Dryden's "Marriage à la Mode"

Third Production:—

#### Heywood's "The Fair Maid of the West"

Fourth Production:—

#### Otway's "Don Carlos"

Fifth Production:—

#### Ben Jonson's "Volpone"

Particulars of membership on application to the Secretary.

Miss Fredman, 36, Southampton St., Strand, W.C.

Telephone: Gerrard 6907.

### MEETINGS AND LECTURES.

### VOTES FOR INDIAN WOMEN

#### PUBLIC MEETING QUEEN'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE

(Sole Lessees: Chappell & Co., Ltd.)

Friday 14th November, at 8 p.m.

Chair: Mr. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

Speakers: Mrs. ANNIE BESANT, Miss M. A. TATA,  
Mr. JAMNADAS DWARKADAS

Tickets, 2/6 and 1/-, from the Women's International League,  
14, Bedford Row, W.C.1. Telephone: Holborn 5498. Some Seats Free.

LECTURES on THEOSOPHY at Mortimer Halls 93, Mortimer Street, W. (off Langham Place). Sunday, November 9th, at 7 p.m. E. L. Gardner, on "The Philosophy of the Body." Tuesday, November 11th, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Ensor, on "Dreams and their Meaning." Thursday, November 13th, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Ransom, on "Karma." Friday, November 14th, at 8 p.m., Miss Charlotte Woods, on "Hermes the Thrice Greatest." Admission Free. This Series of Lectures will be continued each Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, until Friday, December 19th.

#### FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT.

Towards World-Religion and World-Brotherhood.  
STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour Street (off Portman Sq., W.).

NEXT SUNDAY, 11 A.M.

Rev. WALTER WALSH, D.D.

Subject:—Britain's Blockade of Russia.

THE ARS VIVENDI SYSTEM introduces into human evolution a new principle—discovery of the respiratory use of the Cranial Sinuses. It is Nature's secret of vitality, and key to open-air Education, Health, Prevention of Consumption. Breathing becomes copious and easy, the voice full, and the walk buoyant. Nasal congestion specially treated without need for operations. Delicate children improve quickly.

Mr. ARTHUR LOVELL, 94, Park Street, London, W.1.

### EDUCATIONAL.

#### AN ATTEMPT TO EDUCATE GIRLS FOR FREEDOM

is being made at "Luckley," Wokingham,  
Berks, by Bertha Drake and Irene Barratt

##### AIMS OF THE SCHOOL.

To develop, by means of self-government, grounded on religious principle, and by careful physical and intellectual training, a well-balanced personality.

To induce habits of thoughtful and independent work, as well as cheerful co-operation with others.

To foster individual gifts and powers, and to encourage their use in the service of the community.

Full Particulars on application to above.

#### THE BERGMAN OSTERBERG PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, DARTFORD HEATH, KENT.

##### Trustees:

Sir George Newman, K.C.B., D.C.L.

The Marchioness of Salisbury.

The Rt. Hon. Christopher Addison, M.D., M.P.

The Hon. Waldorf Astor, M.P.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, LL.D.

##### Principal:

Miss Hilda Walton (Oxf., Fin. Hon. Sch. Eng. Lang and Lit.).

##### Vice-Principal:

Miss Alma Wikner (Royal Cent. Inst. of Gymnastics, Stockholm).

The College Course is designed to train Students as Teachers of Gymnastics and Games, and to fit them, eventually, to become Organisers of Physical Training under Local Authorities.

#### MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS, Head Mistress—Miss CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge (Late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School).

The aim of the School is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community; to encourage self-expression by means of Literature, Acting, Music, Dancing, and Handicraft of every description: to increase resource and initiative by practical work such as cooking, gardening, and poultry-keeping. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music or Art.

Fees, inclusive of Eurhythmics, Elocution, Dancing, Cookery, and all such subjects as should be part of every girl's education, 180 guineas a year.

Gerrard's Cross is 300 feet above sea-level, on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

ACCOUNTANCY, SECRETARYSHIP, BUSINESS TRAINING.—An Appointments Bureau (free) is open to all qualified students of the Metropolitan College—the 'Varsity of Secretarial and Accountancy Training. Specialised Postal Courses (practical training and exam. coaching) taken at home in spare time, under the most highly qualified staff in the Kingdom, comprising many Final Honourmen, Chartered Accountants and Barristers-at-Law. Fees are most moderate, and may be paid by instalments. Write to-day (postcard will suffice) for list of recent appointments vacant, particulars of scholarship scheme, and copy of "Student's Guide," free of charge or obligation. — Metropolitan College, Dept. 245, St. Albans.

### APPOINTMENTS WANTED.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY of important organisation desires a new appointment in social or industrial welfare work or politics; capable organiser and propagandist. — Box 1,007, c/o THE NATION, 170, Fleet-street, London, E.C.4.

PRIVATE SECRETARY or Useful Assistant. Lady, 29, educated, desires post where initiative and adaptability appreciated; 3 years' experience clerical work.—M. M., Outlook Club, Leeds.

YOUNG MAN requires post to obtain the practical experience for the exams. in Secretaryship; keen, excellent education. North England preferred.—Box 1,011, THE NATION Advt. Offices, 170, Fleet-street, London, E.C.4.

### TOURS.

#### PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS.

JANUARY 9th.—"Garden of Allah." Algeria, Tunisia. 32 days. 79 gns.

FEBRUARY.—Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples, &c. 75 gns.

Miss Bishop, F.R.G.S., 159, Auckland Road, S.E. 19.

## Cadbury's Cocoa & Chocolate

MADE AT BOURNVILLE

See the name "Cadbury" on every piece of Chocolate.

what he saw. Any officer who was with the 9th Division for three years had experience enough to make an interesting narrative. Plugstreet Wood, Vimy Ridge, Arras, Havrincourt, Ypres, Gouzeaucourt, these are some of the places where Lieut.-Colonel Croft was engaged. The author is not quite a master in the art of telling a story, but the reader is attracted to him by his evident concern for his men. He speaks with sympathy of the anxiety of his officers for a "Blighty one," and with bitterness of a major who had dug himself into an anti-aircraft battery near Calais, spent his week-ends playing cricket, and was heard to complain at the hardship of sitting up late waiting for German bombers. "One could not help thinking that he might have given one of our battle-scarred boys a chance at turn and turn about. For they were such kids, a lot of them, or else elderly fathers of families."

"Yashka: My Life as Peasant, Exile and Soldier." By MARIA BOTCHKAREVA. (Constable.)

BEFORE she enlisted in the Russian Army in the early days of the war Maria Botchkareva's life was one of continuous hardship. She had been brutally treated by husband and father, and had frequently to repulse—though in this she was not always so successful as in the work of bayonetting Germans—the advances of evil men. Such was the training of the young woman who was to become what M. Levine (who has written the book from material supplied) calls the Russian Joan of Arc. As a soldier in the ranks she was known as Yashka, and after the revolution she organized the Women's Battalion of Death in order to shame the men who wanted to live in peace and get back to their ploughs. Below are two extracts which typify this narrative and the experiences of the modern Joan:—

"It was too late to shoot. We resorted to our bayonets, and it was a brief but savage fight. . . I rushed at the German before he had time to move, and ran him through the stomach with the bayonet. The bayonet stuck and the man fell. A stream of blood gushed forth."

"I came across a couple hiding behind a trunk of a tree. One of the pair was a girl belonging to the Battalion, and the other a soldier. They were making love! . . . I was almost out of my senses. My mind failed to grasp that such a thing could be really happening at a moment when we were trapped like rats at the enemy's mercy. My heart turned into a raging caldron. In an instant I flung myself upon the couple. I ran my bayonet through the girl. The man took to his heels before I could strike him."

The way of a woman with a vision is one of the wonders of the world. Maria Botchkareva took to soldiering because she had "a dim realization of a new world coming to life, a purer, a happier, and a holier world." She does not quarrel with the claims of theoretical Bolshevism, but she objects that its methods are indelicate.

## The Week in the City.

To judge from Stock Exchange reports the speculative gamble on the Stock Exchange has received something of a damper from a flood of new issues (mostly industrials), many of which have risen to a premium. Evidently the public believes that the exorbitant prices charged by the soap monopoly and similar combinations will continue indefinitely. There has been some reaction in oil shares, and a reduction of business in many of the industrial groups. Kaffirs have gone back a little and all Russian investments are weak owing to the collapse of Yudenitch and the reported retreat of Denikin. On the other hand, rubber shares, cotton shares, and tobacco shares have been booming. Consols are below 52, and French Fives have fallen to 53.

### A LOTTERY LOAN.

The outstanding Treasury Bills have now risen to the unwieldy aggregate 1,069 millions. Inflation and rising prices mean that our traders and manufacturers want more capital to carry on business. Yet the Government goes on borrowing for war and armaments and for the maintenance of a huge bureaucracy in London. A new loan, therefore, has to be floated, and it is suggested that an appeal should be made to the gambling instinct by means of a Lottery Loan

like that which has just been emitted by the French Government. The plan has some support even in the City, though it was discountenanced by a Select Committee at the end of 1917. But the Government has promised to re-open the question to please Mr. Bottomley, Sir Kinloch-Cooke, and other influential supporters of the Coalition in the House of Commons. Personally, I doubt very much whether any really large sums could be drawn from the pockets of habitual gamblers. The excitement of a Government lottery would be small compared with the pleasure they derive from staking their money at auction bridge, at horse races, and football matches. Moreover, it may be pointed out that in pre-war days, the British Government and British municipalities without lotteries could borrow more cheaply than the French municipalities with lotteries. It is therefore at least doubtful whether resort to this moral or immoral stimulus would lower the market rate of interest.

### TWO ARGENTINE RAILWAY REPORTS.

The reports of two more of the Argentine railway companies—the Buenos Aires Great Southern and the Buenos Aires Western—have now appeared, and make a much better showing than did that of the Central Argentine, which was published in the middle of October. The latter company, it may be remembered, while recording a moderate increase in gross receipts, showed a large rise in the ratio of expenses to receipts, namely from 74 to 84½ per cent., with the result that net receipts were nearly 34 per cent. down. The results disclosed in the two latest reports are summarised below:—

	B. A. Great Southern.	B. A. Western.
Gross Receipts	£7,332,300	£3,724,300
Working Expenses	£5,715,900	£2,796,100
Ratio	77.96	75.08
Net Receipts	£1,616,400	£928,200
Increase %	+16.14	+33.5
Ord. Div.	3%	4%

A year ago the B. A. Great Southern showed a lower ratio of expenses to receipts at 76.16, but the B. A. Western has reduced the ratio this year from 75.68 to the figure shown in the table, and the latter company is thus able to show a much larger increase in net receipts. The fuel and wages bills are responsible in most part for the heavy increase in working expenses. Both companies raise the distribution on the Ordinary shares. The outlook for the current year is promising. Crop prospects are good, and the opinion is generally held that labor troubles on a large scale are unlikely at present. The traffic returns to the end of October show the following increases:—

	Gross	Net.
	£	£
B. A. Great Southern	+555,000	+542,000
B. A. Western	+449,000	+221,000
Central Argentine	+495,000	+237,000

Another important consideration is that the companies are now on much better terms with the Argentine Government, having been met, according to the Chairman of the Central Argentine, "in that conciliatory spirit which I have felt throughout must ultimately prevail."

### UNITED DAIRIES.

The fourth annual report of United Dairies Ltd., for the year ended June 30th last, shows a further large increase in profits. The company was formed in 1915 to acquire certain wholesale dairy concerns by the exchange of shares "with a view to the development of the businesses under one central management." Since then the scope of its business has been extended and the retail section has been developed. Results since the company's formation are shown below:—

	Net Revenue.	Pref. Div.	Ord Div.	Carrd. Fwd.
	£	£	£	£
1915-16	66,500	28,500	25,400	12,600
1916-17	104,800	35,900	39,000	45,700
1917-18	153,400	76,200	71,500	49,600
1918-19	235,400	80,700	107,850	84,900

In the year 1917-18 a large number of businesses were acquired, the issued capital being increased by £1,391,300, while investments and loans in the balance sheet rose by £1,401,100 to £2,353,700. Only six months revenue from these businesses was included in the 1917-18 profits, and this accounts largely for the advance in revenue for the past year. The 6 per cent. non-cumulative Preference shares have received their full dividend each year, and the Ordinary shares get 10 per cent. for the past year, the highest rate yet paid.

LUCELLUM.

# The Nation

## Olympia Motor Show Supplement

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1919.



### Moonlight—

When the old Moon smiles these nights you can't help smiling back. For Moonlight no longer betokens the possible visit of "Gothas" and "Zepps." No sudden bursting of maroons or howling of syrens. No waiting in suspense for "All clear."

No! these are glorious, peaceful nights—nights that beckon you out of doors for long, fresh, bracing spins on the eager car—with its safe and speedy CLINCHER TYRES.

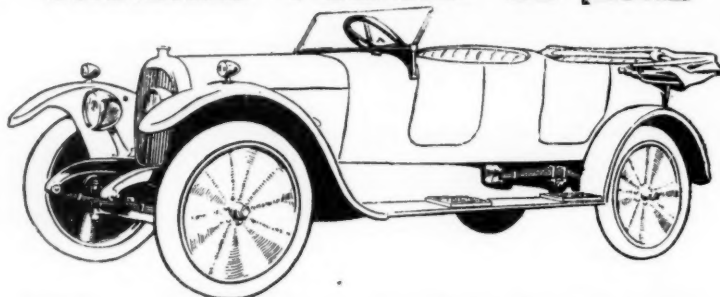
*The North British Rubber Co., Ltd.*

"NORTH BRITISH"  
**CLINCHER**  
Regd TRADE MARK  
Motor **TYRES**

Meet us at Stand 193, Motor Show, Olympia.

# Angus-Sanderson

14-H.P.  
STANDARD 4-SEATER DE LUXE



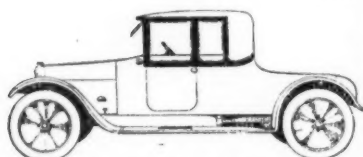
## Every wanted feature

The designing engineers who planned the Angus-Sanderson Car, had two ideals in view. Firstly to produce a car which would incorporate those desired features of a high-grade car, and next, to produce it at a moderate price. Both

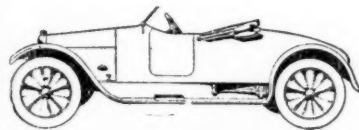
ideals have been achieved by enlisting the joint efforts of several famous firms, each a specialist in one unit of car construction.

SIR WM. ANGUS, SANDERSON & CO., LTD.

BIRTLEY, CO. DURHAM.



Complete in every detail of touring trim, hood, screen, 5 detachable wheels and tyres, and Lucas Lighting and Starting Set.



In this way production costs have been reduced to the minimum, while the quality has been maintained at the highest standard.

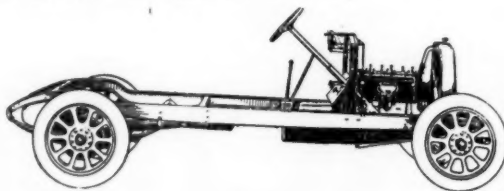
OLYMPIA  
STAND  
- 67 -

# FIAT

## VISITING THE SHOW

People visit the Motor Exhibition in two ways. Some attend merely as an item in the round of social entertainment. Others have a more definite objective—they go to purchase a car. Both classes should make a definite note carefully to inspect the FIAT exhibit. To the former it will be an education. They will be *au fait* with the latest developments and improvements. They will imbibe an atmosphere which will stand them in good stead when buying a car later on.

Those who intend to purchase a car, should undoubtedly make a point of visiting the FIAT stand. A visit, however, is not enough. Examine the chassis carefully. Compare it with others. Study closely its leading characteristics and its detail refinement. Satisfy yourself that it is superior, in conception, in design, in workman-ship, and detail finish. Will you make a note to do so?



OLYMPIA  
STAND  
62

FIAT MOTORS LTD.

5, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

Telegrams: "Fiatism," Piccy, London.

Telephone: Gerrard 7946

OLYMPIA  
STAND  
62

## OLYMPIAN REFLECTIONS :

SOME NOTES UPON THE 1919 MOTOR SHOW AND THE MOTOR INDUSTRY AND MOVEMENT GENERALLY.

By S. F. EDGE.

By THE TIME these words are printed the most interesting Olympia Show that ever was will be opened. Writing on its eve, one feels necessarily circumscribed, because until one can actually see what the exhibition has to reveal one can only anticipate and apprehend, although motor manufacturers and traders have never of late years been reprehensibly reticent concerning their wares.

The last Show was held in November, 1913. Since then we have had at work among all the car-producing countries an influence of unimagined force. The War has inspired designers and builders of petrol motors to unprecedented energy, and provoked unparalleled resourcefulness. It has shown to the whole world the power for good which the petrol motor possessed, shown how docile a creature it is, and how almost limitless are its capacities. So much for the credit side; we will admit that the cause, industry, or movement of motoring has benefited by the War, in at least a propagandist sense.

But, on the other hand, the exactions of War have hit the manufacturers of cars very shrewdly. Even the firms whose contributions of War-munitions have been identical with their Peace-time production have by no means got back into their pre-War strides. And firms who, at a stroke of the pen, were switched over from making cars to producing something quite different, merely because they had engineering shops available for production in more or less large quantities, have by no means got back to normality of conduct, even twelve months—all but a few days—after the signature of the Armistice.

I will not labor this point, because the motor industry is in no worse case than are dozens of other trades. But we must bear in mind the fact that motor-manufacture has not been facilitated by the War, except in so far as output-capacity has in many cases been multiplied by ten. As a matter of fact, I should estimate that the British motor trade has never had such an unproductive twelve months as those now closing. The will to produce was there; the market was clamorous; but . . . Governmental restrictions, material-shortage (real or artificial) and labor unrest have gravely militated against delivering the goods. All this is very hard on the British manufacturer, though equally hard upon his *confrères* in France, Italy, the United States and Belgium, which are the other car-producing countries.

This in mind, one must approach Olympia this year with great readiness to forgive shortcomings. It is physically impossible that the Show should be really representative of our production, or of that of the other countries mentioned. Even America, with her proverbial adaptability, is not quite her pre-War self, quite apart from the fact that she has, until a few months back, been suffering from a very rigorous embargo upon exportation into the British Isles.

One must, therefore, have regard rather to the things that are than to those one might wish to see in force. Coming to actualities, despite the disadvantages under which all motor manufacturers have been working, one finds plenty of interest, a lot of novelty, and almost an infinity of promise. Motoring and the motor industry are much more to me than a movement and business out of which I made enough money, some seven years ago, to withdraw into the country, and engage in different pursuits. I have always been very keen upon motoring, because I have always felt that there was a day coming when everybody would motor, because motoring would be cheaper than walking. This day is sensibly nearer than it was when I first foresaw it—a fact which suggests to my mind that another of the War's effects upon motoring has been to democratize it.

There is no man, of all the millions of the Allied forces, who has not experienced for himself what motor vehicles could do—things that could not be done by any other means of transport. This is vastly good for motoring. Whether or not familiarity breeds contempt, it certainly tends to destroy a fallacious distrust, and I should doubt very much that out of thirty or forty million

soldiers one could to-day find an anti-motorist, whatever may have been his attitude toward motoring in July, 1914.

Again, the War has created lots of motorists, because in its readjustment of money-possession it has turned into potential car-buyers to-day people who had no thought of buying or owning cars five years ago. And in addition to thousands of these, there are thousands of motorists who began to drive and attend to the adjustment and lubrication (and even the cleaning) of their own cars, when their chauffeurs were called up for service. The majority of these have discovered that there is far more fun, or at any rate interest, in motoring than they thought previously. Still another class of enthusiasts are the thousands of people who, from sheer compulsion, became owners and drivers of small cars, used to get about their professional and industrial duties, to be managed in no other way than by enlisting a motor vehicle.

There never was an Olympia Show, or any other motor exhibition, in the thirty years I have been interested in cars, when so big and keen a buying public existed as exists to-day. Certainly the British factories alone have a potential output which should be able to supply the demand, were they all tuned-up and ready to produce. But they are not, and so the glut of cars which many people apprehend, twelve months from now, may not come into being. Things have—very fortunately for patriotic Britons—a way of adjusting themselves at times, and it may be that by the date that our factories are ready to turn out a million of cars per annum we shall have, ready-made, a million of buyers per annum, to absorb them.

Just at present it is very much easier to order a car than to get it delivered, as it has been for twelve months past. Even people who, as I do, know a fair number of principals of motor-manufacturing companies, find it by no means easy to get their cars delivered—not because demand exceeds supply, in the ordinary sense, but simply because, speaking broadly, there has not up to now been any supply! Although manufacturers have in so many instances now got factories ten times as big as they had in 1913, these factories are not yet producing. One thing after another has cropped up and hindered production, and I have yet to hear authentically of any single British firm who are delivering even fifty cars per week—quite an ordinary, if not a really common, output before the War.

Reverting to the credit side of the books, on the matter of the War, its lessons have been valuable. We have learnt a lot of useful little things about design, but more about material, and still more about manufacture. The War has broken down the old fallacy that a man must serve five or seven years' engineering apprenticeship before one dare trust him at a capstan lathe, or other machine-tool. Work that was (even three or four years ago, early on in the War) emphatically "skilled," has now been shown to be work that a girl or youth of average intelligence could master in a few weeks. The really trained mechanic is, of course, the preferable operator, but the newly initiated labor is quite equal to production of repetition work, which alone is requisitioned for quite a lot of the manufacture of cars.

Thus production *should* be very much easier a matter than it was. It will be, when labor has settled down. And we have certainly learnt a lot about material which we did not know—thus being able to reduce weight in cars' parts. This is most important, because my millennium, when motoring is cheaper than walking, can never dawn until a car weighs little more, in pounds avoirdupois per horse-power developed, than a motor-cycle to-day.

War work generally, and aircraft production particularly, have given us lots of insight as to the ample strength of alloys much lighter than the metals we used, for a given strength demand, before the War. The teachings in design are of academic rather than practical value, but we have made certain gains in that field also.

And what does all this promise? Better cars, less costly cars, lighter cars, and therefore cars less expensively run than those of 1913. We have them among us already; twelve months from now, if all goes well, we shall have more of them, until cars of the old order of efficiency (in the matter of weight reduction without loss of power or carrying capacity) will be as ridiculous, and as ridiculed, as would the old 8 h.p. Panhards on which I first took the King's highway.

It is, however, full early to expect to see at Olympia any very great number of cars which will be "after-War" models in the true sense, that their design is perceptibly an advance upon that of the cars of 1914. There will be some; I have already tested some, and found some of them very good productions. But for every one of the really new, really after-War cars, there will be half a dozen which, to speak plainly, are simply 1914 cars, slightly altered here and there, sometimes to real advantage, but in some cases merely—so far as one can infer—to make them look different from the cars of four or five years ago.

I do not say this in any carping spirit, because after what I know of Governmental methods I am astounded to find a lot of the Government-controlled factories able to produce any cars at all, even now! But that inclines one to give all the more honor to the dauntless minority who have fought down obstruction and restriction, and really contrived to design and produce brand new cars.

American cars, in all previous Olympia Shows since they first came over, always attracted attention by reason of their price. One could be a motorist, on an American car, for less expenditure in the first place than one could with any other nation's cars. That, I am sure, was why America first gained a footing here. But later on she scored because she showed appreciation of the needs of the owner-driver, the man who wants to do as much motoring as possible, for as little money as possible, and—still more important—with as little fag and worry as possible.

America showed us that motorists *wanted* automatic engine-starters, and electrical lighting sets, and other conveniences. She gave them to us, at prices which made British manufacturers feel giddy. Yet she thrived, apparently, upon doing it. *Why?* Simply because she had already created (or perhaps "educated" would be the better word) hundreds of thousands of her own sons and daughters into the full use of motor-vehicles, and so could safely build in thousands where we built in hundreds, or even tens. *There are States in America* (so large that we could drop the British Isles into them without any congestion) *in which one person in every ten owns and uses a car!* In some the percentage is still higher, and over the whole of the United States one person (man, woman, and child, I mean) in every twenty-five owns a car.

This means big output. Big output means reduced production cost. It means also big buying, and as material is the biggest item of a car's production costs, the American manufacturer was able to set to work to economize on his biggest item. He found how to lighten his raw materials—still giving them ample strength margins—and so we arrive at the plain fact that an American car can be sold, at home, more cheaply than a British car can, *simply because it is lighter in weight.* Obviously half a ton of metal costs less than a ton.

What is more important is that if an American car weighing half a ton will carry four people just as well as an English car weighing a ton, it is the better car to buy, because weight means tyre wear, and petrol bills, and oil bills, and wear and tear of mechanism, quite apart from road damage.

Just at present, however, American cars are prejudiced by the fact that one has to add about 50 per cent. to their American prices to make them worth selling in London, and for that reason the American cars at Olympia will interest us no longer because they are low-priced, but because they may show advancements upon pre-War fulness of equipment, and lightness of weight for power.

I have seen a lot of the British, French, and Italian new models. I have seen only one or two new Americans, and what I have seen of them makes me regard them as

less seriously competitive, at the moment, than the French and Italian after-War models. These last-mentioned must be very closely watched. It will not do for British manufacturers to ignore the Americans. But the first and keenest competition will certainly come from across the Channel and through the Bay of Biscay.

Now, having in a rough and ready fashion sketched the position of affairs as they concern the principal sources of supply, I can turn to the Show itself. We shall be struck at once with the growing prevalence of electrical lighting installations on cars. These were a luxury until War-time; they were still proudly mentioned as "extras." But the manufacturer who offers to-day a car without an electrical lighting set must indeed feel shy. In a less degree, the same holds true of engine-starting installations. There will be lots of moderate-priced cars without them. If they are small cars, with engines of modest dimensions, they will pass. But every engine of over 15 h.p. must, or at least *should*, be equipped with an engine-starter.

I have myself, by main force, cranked some of the biggest and most powerful racing-car engines ever built during the years when I raced, but I never enjoyed the job; and now that I am no longer in my salad days I dodge it whenever I can, and get rather clever in selecting my stopping places (generally selecting the top of an incline which will give me an effortless re-start). For the use of ladies, or anybody but really robust, hefty men-folk, an engine-starter is practically an essential fitting to-day, and for that reason one will find it fitted on the majority of engines of anything, as I say, over 15 h.p.

I suppose my next point should be advice on the selection of a car, but I am rather shy of offering advice on so ticklish a matter. Selection depends upon the price one wants to pay for a car, the sum per mile one wishes to spend on running it, the nature of the roads (as to contour, or hilliness, I mean, principally) over which most of one's driving will be done, the number of people one will wish generally to carry, and whether one wants to motor as cheaply or as comfortably as possible.

To set down on paper one's requirements on these heads, and classify all the cars at Olympia according to their ability to please, is a laborious if an interesting process. I can, however, offer some general hints which may be of use, as the teachings of thirty years' experience of cycling and motoring, always closely interwoven for the decade during which the motor vehicle was becoming a useful thing, instead of an amusing—if at times alarming—toy.

As a first principle I would say "Do not believe all you are told or you may read." When I was selling cars I made it a rule that no member of my staff ever made a claim which our cars could not substantiate. Lots of firms may have the same rule to-day. But some have not. I know no car which I can run (although I am a fairly keen buyer, and experienced motorist, and do not mind a little work which soils my own hands, since my men went to the War) at less than threepence per mile. I have used cars which cost me three or four shillings per mile to run, when touring on the Continent, or in our overseas dominions, with a fair-sized party, and lots of luggage. But I think we may regard threepence per mile as the running cost of a little two-seater, like the Stellite, the smallest I run.

If that sounds a lot, let me ask what one gets for it? To answer myself, one gets very comfortable transport for two grown-ups, with a fair amount of week-end luggage, at a very fair pace (averaging 25 miles per hour from London to Edinburgh, without annoying the police unduly), for the price of a single first-class ticket on the railroad. One starts when one likes, stops when one likes, and (which is most important) *drives absolutely from door to door.*

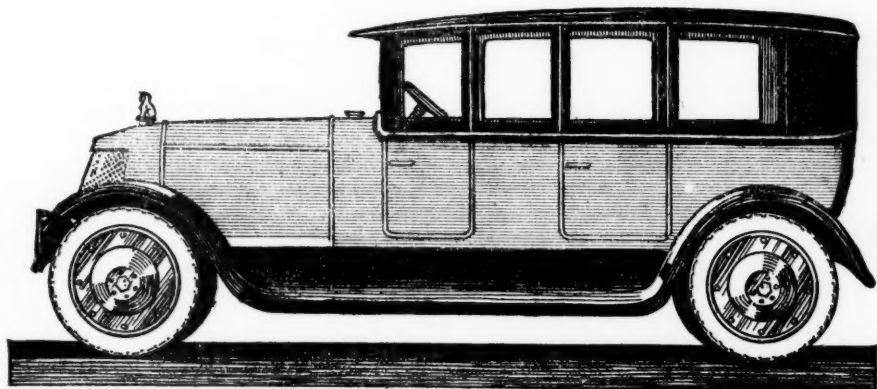
Setting aside all the pleasure of motoring, the exhilaration of travelling in fresh air, and the diversity of scene *en route*, I really do not think that first-class railway travel is so good value as threepence per mile motoring, because I personally do not like either to be crowded or tied down to a time-table.

The motorist, owning the tiniest of two-seaters, enjoys a freedom of coming and going not enjoyed even

# The ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY Six Cylinder Car

R.A.C. Rating 29.5 H.P.

Treasury Tax £8.8.0

*Olympia Stand 72.*

**T**HE new Armstrong Siddeley 6-cylinder car is of entirely original design and embodies the experience gained during the past four years in the production of aircraft engines aggregating over 2,000,000 (two million) horse-power.

❑ You cannot buy a better car.

❑ It is a motor carriage of high efficiency, stately appearance, ample power, and constructed of the best materials. It is light. It is comfortable. It is dependable. It runs smoothly, silently, and is easily managed.

❑ Maintenance costs are small. Three years' free inspection.

❑ The low price at which it is sold is made possible by its simple design and by quantity production.

## PRICE of CHASSIS EQUIPPED WITH

Disc Wheels and one Spare Rim; four 820 x 135 Rubber Studded Tyres; Specially designed Wings; Scuttle Dash with instrument board; Lucas Engine Starter and Electric Lighting, complete with 5 Lamps; Mechanical Tyre Pump; Kit of Tools etc.

**£720**

Saloon Double Phaeton (as illustrated) ... £1,000.

**ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY.**

*Formerly The Siddeley-Deasy Motor Car Co. Ltd.*

(Allied with Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth & Co. Ltd.)

London: 10 Old Bond Street, W.1.

*You cannot buy a better car*



Godbolds

by the man who can engage special trains. He is the captain of his soul. Barring little halts due to tyre troubles (which cannot yet be abolished, but can easily be avoided), with the exercise of no more care than would be requisite with a donkey, he and a companion can go right round the earth's surface at threepence per mile, starting and stopping just when and where he pleases. And as the motorist's expenditure will increase only arithmetically, as he increases his average pace, and seating accommodation, and luggage capacity, and the luxury of equipment and ornateness of his car, it is fairly simple for any man to spend as little or as much as he likes upon motoring—if he will keep in mind my present minimum of *threepence per mile per person carried*.

I do not say one cannot motor for less. I have never been able to do so, though for two to three years I have done everything that has to be done on my own cars, with the occasional assistance of a boy in hosing-down the car, or filling up the grease cups. I am told that some people would never have started motoring if they had known what it would cost. I can believe this—but the same holds goods of matrimony as of motoring, and of many other things!

It is essential, in choosing a car, to know as nearly as possible what one wants, and it is, of course, intensely valuable to have the advice of some experienced friend—who does not, incidentally, want to sell one a car! But cars are so good now, so simply kept right, and used without extravagance, that nobody need hesitate to take the plunge.

In beginning as an owner-driver motorist, I cannot too strongly urge the wisdom of selecting what is called a "light" car—which generally means a small car, with an engine of not more than 10 h.p. nominal rating, preferably in front of a two-seated body. The economy of running, service capacity, average pace over long journeys, and comfort of these little cars is surprising, even to me, after twenty years spent absolutely immersed in the motor business. I took to them only when the State asked us to economize petrol. I had to do so,

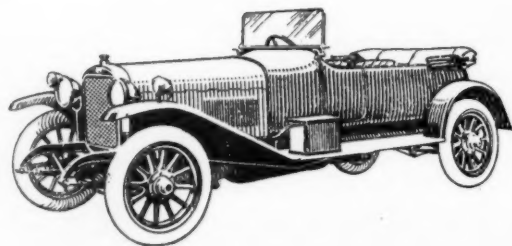
because I wanted all the petrol and paraffin I could get for use in my farm motors. But after a season's experience of small cars I grew to like them more and more, and then to respect them more and more, until now I shall never be without them, even when I am once more owning and using big, powerful six-cylindere cars like those on which I formerly did all my motoring. They are a revelation even to new motorists, and to older hands, accustomed only to the roaring "forties," and headlong "sixties," they are an astounding revelation. The more a man knows of motoring the more he will be impressed by the service capacity of these economical but highly efficient little vehicles.

I feel tempted now to touch upon design tendencies, as revealed in what one has seen of the after-War specifications, but probably readers of this journal would prefer to turn to the technical papers for engineering pabulum. It has been my aim rather to look at motoring broadly than intimately. I have views of my own, based upon a good many years devoted to the motor industry and motoring politics, upon all sorts of motoring subjects, ranging from road reform to spring suspension, from tyres to tariffs, from luggage-carriers to weight reduction, from motor-house architecture to radial engines, from motor taxes to air-cooled engines, from causes contributing to racing successes to probable developments in types of engines and numbers of cylinders; but I hesitate to gossip upon such topics, without express editorial instruction.

I have now reached my allotted limits, in the matter of space. I fear I have but touched on the fringe of my subject. It is an engrossing, fascinating topic to me, and one so inevitably bound up with our national prosperity—motor transport being the transport of to-day and to-morrow, just as surely as railroad transport has by the War been proven not to be—that I can now most fittingly close by hoping that the Olympia Show of November, 1919, may be graced by the attendance it has the right to enjoy, and marked by the interest and promise its visitors have the right to expect.

# THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

## STAND 49 OLYMPIA



### MODELS AND PRICES.

16 H.P. Chassis	...	...	£850
16 H.P. Touring Car	...	...	£1125
Semi Sporting Car	...	...	£1125
Limousine Landaulette	...	...	£1275
24 H.P. Chassis	...	...	£1125
24 H.P. with long wheel base	...	...	£1150
Touring Car	...	...	£1400
Semi Sporting Car	...	...	£1400
Limousine Landaulette on long wheel base	...	...	£1650

### EQUIPMENT.

Set of Dunlop tyres, spare wheel & tyre, dome wings, electric lighting set, self-starter, metal valances. Hood and hood envelope (for open car). Number plates, clock, speedometer and full kit of tools.

**THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR  
CO., LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON.**

Manchester Showrooms: 106, Deansgate.

London and District Agents for Cars  
J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St, W. 1.

et  
i-  
e,  
I  
re  
ke  
ey  
er  
nd  
n.  
be  
al  
  
s,  
ar  
ld  
ng  
ng  
ed  
ry  
s,  
m  
n,  
m  
it-  
es  
to  
al  
  
er  
ny  
e,  
s-  
ay  
as  
ost  
of  
it  
nd